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Established in 1869.} "us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN Terms: $1.50 per Year

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. ,9 1891.

The President is now devoting every spere moment of his time to work upon his annual message to Congress, much of which he has already roughly prepared. The financial part of the message, which will be largely based upon the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury Foster is now at work, will probably be the last that will be finished. It may be mentioned, upon good authority that the portion of the message treating of the several foreign complications which recently occurred will fairly bristle with Americanism of the stalwart sort, the sort which is calculated to make Americans residing or travelling abroad proud of the flag which protects them wherever they go, and which has gained for that flag greater respect among the streng nations of the world than it has ever before enjoyed.

Now that the smoke has entirely cleared away from the recent State elections and a calm observation of the causes which brought about certain effects may be taken, no member of the national administration sees anything to darken the bright prospect of the republican success next year. They all recognize that in the one State—Ohio—where the fight was squarely made upon the issue that the national campaign is to be fought upon—protection and honest money—there is a magnificent republican victory, and in that victory they see the fore runner of another and greater victory next year. The election of Major McKinley, although fully expected from the start gives the greatest satisfaction in Washington, where the startling honesty and integrity of the man have made him as wide a circle of personal friends and well wishers as any man in public life has. He is one of the few men who never get the "big head".

This week the date for holding the G. A, R. National encampment next year will be determined upon. At first it was thought that it would be in October, but so many have objected to that month that it is thought probable that September will be selected. The objection to October is its cool-nights, which it is feared might have a bad effect upon the several thousand veterans that will be provided with free quarters in tents during the encampment.

Senator Plumb is in Washington receiving the congratulations of his friends on the result of the Kansas campaign in which he took a leading part. He says that the result shows that the Kansas farmers will not be led by the nose by ignorant demagogues whose only aim in life is to feather their own nest, they have a way of doing their own thinking, which in the end brings them in the near neighborhood of what is right and proper.

It is generally supposed that the men who are fighting to make Mills Speaker of the House are also working to make Cleveland the nominee of this party next year, but it is not true of all of them, for one of the ablest and shrewdest of the men engaged in the management of the Mills campaign said on the subject: "No sir; the election of Mills does not mean the nomination of Cleveland. If it did I should be working against instead of for Mills. You know that I am very much opposed to the election of Crisp as Speaker, and yet, I assure you, that I would a thousand times rather see Crisp elected Speaker than to see Cleveland nominated for President."

Senator Mitchell of Oregon, says he intends to reintroduce his joint resolution for a constitutional amendmant providing for the election of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people, just as soon as Congress meets, and that he proposes, if possible, to get a vote on it during the session.

One notable effect of the State election returns is that the officials of the National Farmer's Alliance who make this city their headquarters have stopped 'claiming the earth," which they were doing right along before the election. Now they have nothing to say for publication further that the "Alliance isn't in politics this year any way. "In plain words the trick by which it was hoped that several of the North West States would throw away the r electoral votes while the South would remain solidly democratic has been effectually shown up, and will cut no figure in the Presidential campaign. As one Senator puts it. "If the Farmer's Alliance in the South wants to organize a third party let them start the ball by cutting loose from the democratic party in the several Southern States which they now control."

Vice President Morton and his family are now occupying their Washington residence. Mr. Morton is looking remarkably well.

PROBABLY a good many persons who have been following the case of Dr. Briggs with a great deal of interest were surprised to see that the charges of heresy against him, had been dismissed by the presbytery of New York and that, so far as that body is concerned, that case is at an end. It is said that his prosecutors threaten to carry the matter to the synod New York, and probably to the general assembly, but it may be that they will change their minds. The TRIBUNE has no intention of medding with a theological quarrel, but we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that this controversy may be dropped. Having read pretty nearly the whole literature of the subject, we are convinced that Dr. Briggs is a good man and a lover of the truth contained in the Bible, although he has an aggressive, a dogmatic and an unhappy manner of expressing himself, thus needlessly irritating those who do not understand him who do not sympathize with his methods. On the other hand, it is evident that some of those who have spoken and written most bitterly against him have not read the famous inaugural address or any of his other writings. In short, both sides have been at fault and the step taken by the presbytery of New York is a wise one under the circumstances.

GO AT ONCE

Only a short time remains to visit the Great Southern Inter-State Exposition now in progress in Raleigh, N. C., the capital city of the Old North State. We do not hesitate in saying that no one can spend a little money to better advantage than in visiting the Exposition and seeing the Southern people; how they live, what they grow on their farms, and how they care for the products after they are gathered. The distillation of spirits of turpentine is a great novelty. The distillery is a real curisoity, worth almost a trip to Raleigh to see. The ginning of cotton is another curious operation. Cotton goods are worn by almost every person living, yet few persons in this section have any idea how it is made and how it is prepared for market. All this is shown at the Exposition, beside many other features peculiarly Southern, and well worth a trip to see.

It costs but little to go. Tickets can be secured over the most pleasant routes possible for about fifteen dollars for the round trip. They are on sale at 229 Broadway, New York; in Baltimore by Bay Line Steamship Company; and by the Richmond & Danville R. R. or the Atlantic Coast Line, in both Baltimore and Washington.

NEW HALF DOLLAT.

We are soon to have a new half dollar. It will differ in some essential respects from the one now in circulation, but of course in design only and not in value. The proverbial eagle, with outspread wings and grasping an olive branch in one claw and a bunch of thunderbolts in the other, and with the same old time gridiron shielding its breast, will be there. The Goddess of Liberty will be decapitated just below the neck, and with laurelled brow will appear to better advantage than in the sitting posture, as on the present coin.

It is a good thing and very proper thing to have handsome national coins, therefor this advance in the matter of style should be hailed with pleasure by all. American coins, taken as a whole, are not surpassed in beauty by those of any other nation. We all admire them; but most of us are not particular in regard to the designs upon their faces, provided they are plenty and each gets his or her share of them. There will, of course, be a contest among numismatists for the first of the new coinage.

Popular Demand For Color in Art.

INSISTENCE on color in every department of the graphic arts will be a marked characteristic of the "fin du siecle." The eye craves color, and no matter how long the return to it may be deferred, it is bound to come. Nature shows us color everywhere, in all her works, and accustoms us to expect it. The blue of the sky, the green of the fields, and the many hued flowers are as necessary to the healthy sights as pure oxygen is to the lungs. What more reasonable, then, than to look for it in the graphic representation of nature. The cultivated may be content with the more refined approximation of color, as in prints, by various processes, in black and white, preferably accepting what artists term "tone" in place of it; but the masses have never been really satisfied with this juggling with their senses. They want the real thing, and they will have it.

—We acknowledge receipt from Mr. J. B. Patrick, secretary of the southern exposition of a trip pass to Raleigh, N. C., and return, for the purpose of visiting the exposition now in session at that place.

FATAL WORK OF FLAMES.

LOSS OF LIFE IN A CONFLAGRATION AT DENVER.

DENVER, Col., November 9.—The Mansion livery stables, at Eighteenth and Lawrence streets, were almost completely destroyed by fire between 3.30 and 4 o'clock this morning. Four men, possibly five, rooming in the upper portion of the building were suffocated, and about twenty-five head of horses met their death in the same way. The names of the men have not yet been learned, and their bodies have been sent to the coroner's office for identification.

There were several narrow escapes, as a portion of the building over the stable is occupied by roomers. When the police and fire department arrived a number of these roomers were hanging out of the windows, having been almost suffocated by the smoke inside. The lower portion of the building was occupied by horses and carriages, and tha upper part was divided into three compartments. One of these was occupied by the roomers, another was used for storing hay and grain, and the third was used for stabling horses.

The horses suffocated were those that were kept in the upper portion of the building. There is a skylight in the rear, and it was here that the fire was first discovered, but how it originated, no one knows. The police were the first to arrive They rushed into the burning building and liberated the horses on the lower floor. The frightened animals rushed out a side door and around to the front, where they tried to get in again, but were kept out by the large crowd that had gathered. The flames were under control by 4 o'clock, but the building was a total wreck. The stables were owned by Smith & Sombart. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $10,000.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Congress of the United States has provided for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the holding of a great International Fair, under the name and style of the "World's Columbian Exposition," in the city of Chicago in the State of Illinois, which is to be formally dedicated on the twelfth day of October, A. D. 1892, and regularly opened to the public on the first day of May, A. D. 1893, and to continue open for the period of six months;

AND WHEREAS, In obedience to the President's proclamation, it is expected that every State in the Union and the people of every State shall contribute their due share to the success of said Exhibition to the end that it may redound to the honor of the nation and advance its general welfare;

AND WHEREAS, The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is specially bound, in remembrance of the generous disposition that was displayed by her sister States and many of their citizens, in her behalf and that of her principal city, when the Centennial of our National Independence was celebrated in Philadelphia, in the year A. D. 1876, to do her utmost part toward making said Exposition what every true American must desire that it shall be;

NOW THEREFORE, I, ROBT. E. PATTISON, Governor of said Commonwealth, in response to the patriotic sentiment that has always characterized her people, and in accord with the laudable motive which prompted the last General Assembly to to make liberal provision "for the collection, arrangement and display of the products of the State" at the World's Columbian Exposition, do hereby issue this, my proclamation, calling upon the citizens thereof, without distinction of race, creed or sex, to prepare for furnishing their full proportion to the interest, value and financial prosperity of said Exposition; and I do particularly request all railroad and transportation companies; all mining, manufacturing, shipbuilding and other industrial firms and corporations; all operators in and producers of natural oils and gases; all agricultural, horticultural, floricultural botanical, geological and similar associations; all churches, schools, seminaries, colleges and universities; all historical, archaeological, religious, literary and library societies; all fine art galleries, museums, and places of public instruction and amusement; all editors, publishers, printers and book-binders; all ministers, physicians and attorneys; all banks, bankers and capitalists; all painters, sculptors architects, designers, decorators and photographers; all who produce superior butter, cheese, grain, fruits, flowers, vines, vegetables, &c.; all inventors and skilled artisans; all trades-unions and commercial organizations; all who possess articles of beauty, novelty, rarity or striking merit; all State, county and municipal officers; all trust and insurance companies; all persons in every avenue of life who may have something in their respective lines to present that is worthy of public notice and consideration, to lend their assistance in making the exhibit one that will be a source of pride to every Pennsylvanian, and a revolution to the world of the enterprise, progress and unrivaled resources of the State.

And I do further request all citizens who may wish to take part in said Exposition to communicate at an early date with Benjamin Whitman, Executive Commissioner of the Board of World's Fair Managers of Pennsylvania, at his office, in the city of Harrisburg, in order that he may be enabled to learn their views and purposes on the subject, and to aid in making such arrangements as to space and location as will secure the best results

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at the city of Harrisburg, this ninth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and sixteenth.

[SEAL.]

ROBT. E. PATTISON.

BY THE GOVERNOR:

WM. F. HARRITY,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

THE GREAT PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

As an instance of the great progress that has been made in the methods by which rapid movements can be analyzed, the Photographic News mentions a series of photographs lately taken by Anchutz, of Lissa, who has already given to the world some of the best instantaneous pictures at present under consideration is a dog jumping over a small bush. In the act of making the jump the animal has been photographed twenty-four separate times, and each picture is not a mere silhouette, as was the case with My bridge's first attempts of this kind, but a little picture showing half tone and detail. Some of the attitudes are, of course, comic in appearance, for they represent phases of a movement which the eye is unaccustomed to and cannot possibly appreciate. Notably is this the case in the commencement of the jump, when the dog's hind toes only touch the ground, and again in the finish af the jump, when his legs are gathered together in a heap.

MR. HENSEL'S ARGUMENT.

HARRISBURG, November 6.—In addressing the senate to-day Attorney General Hensel reminded that body that whatever action it might take its decision could not fail to be of great importance and lasting influence in the commonwealth, and they should not permit themselves to be deluded or terrified by the portentious prophecies of the effects of establishing arbitrary executive power, for, after all, no official could be actually removed except by the law of the land. Whatever the senate may transmit to the governor or whatever the action he might take the accused official, although technically removed by the governor might sit willfully in his office and exercise all its franchises and privileges without bolt or barricade until the court of Dauphin county and the supreme court of Pennsylvania had finally said that he had been legally and properly removed. Hensel finished his address at 5.10 and the senate adjourned until Tuesday morning.

A MONTH OF DRY WEATHER.

The weather crop bulletin, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, says:

The month of October just passed has been one of the driest of which the Weather Bureau has record. Over the greater portion of the States located in the central valleys and throughout the Southern States, except along the immediate Atlantic coast, the rainfall for the month amounted to only about ten to twenty per cent. of the average, and in many portions of the Southern States there was a total absence of rain or only light showers, giving an inappreciable amount, leaving the ground very dry and the streams low.

Dry weather also continued generally throughout the Northern States, and the month closed leaving the winter-wheat crop in a critical condition, as the most of it was planted in dry soil and there was not sufficient rain to give it strength enough to resist the cold weather.

The conditions may be greatly improved however, by the generous rains and moderate weather during November.

THE LIBERALS VICTORIOUS IN CHILI.

VALPARAISO, November 5.— As was announced a few days ago in these dispatches the liberal party in Chili won a sweeping victory in the recent elections and this fact makes the election of a liberal president a foregone conclusion. The constitution of Chili provides that the electors chosen by the people shall meet and elect a president of the republic. The liberal electors met in caucus yesterday and nominated president of Chili for the ensuing five years Admiral Lorge Montt. The nomination is equivalent to an election.

A BIG FIRE.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM BARN BURNED AT STATE COLLEGE.

About five o'clock on Wednesday evening fire was discovered in the experimental farm barn at State College and before the fire apparatus could be brought into action the flames had gained such headway that it was impossible to save the building and in a couple hours the handsome structure was a mass of ruins. Everything was entirely destroyed including all the machinery and the entire crops of this year.

It is not known how the fire originated. The loss will foot well up to twenty thousand dollars, and perhaps more. The building alone cost ten thousand dollars. There was an insurance of ten thousond on the building and three thousand five hundred on the crops making a total insurance of $13,500.

INDUSTRIAL STATISTICS.

HARRISBURG, November 6.—The annual report of the bureau of industrial statistics is about ready to be issued, having been delayed in order to procure statistics of the leading manufactures of the state, which, however, are not yet ready. They will appear as an appendix hereafter. A great deal of space in the report is given to show the values of farm products in the state and how they have been affected by the rates of transportation. Much space is also given to the discussion of the causes which have led to the depreciation of the farming industry in the east, the western farms being mentioned as a leading factor in this. A series of tables is given to show the prices of the leading products in Philadelphia, the rate for transporting them from various places to that city, etc. There is also a table showing that the statistics of strikes and lock-outs from 1887 to 1891, and their causes and results. There is also some attention given to railroad relief associations and other matters of general interest.

PIE EATING.

New York Herald

The amount of food consumed in some of these down town lunch rooms every day is something enormous. It seems all the more incredible from the fact that it goes up in small lunches.

One place consumes on an average for the midday lunch to business men 1,500 sandwiches, 15 cans of milk, 40 dozen pastry of various kinds, 85 pies and 1,500 to 2,000 oysters, served in every style.

Besides these some 800 persons get hot dishes of almost every description at the lunch counter. Gracious heavens! Eighty-five pies represents 340 pie eaters in one resort among hundreds of the kind.

This is not considered a great place for pies either. What a pity that Superintendent of the Census Porter did not include in his stupendous conglomeration of facts and fancies some statistics about pies.

A carefully arranged tabular statement of pies and pie eaters of the United States would be of more use to the health authorities and more interesting to the general readers than a manologue on swamp land.

NEW REVENUE STAMPS.

On January 1, a new issue of custom stamps for imported liquors will be made by the United States Treasury department. They will be of three kinds and colors. Those printed in black will be used on imported distilled spirits; in brown for imported wines and malt liquors; and in green for reimported American distilled spirits.

The stamps will be prepared in books of 50 and 200 stamps each, and requisition will be immediately made for a moderate supply, at such ports as have actual use for them, but for only such kinds as will be required, as it is the desire of the Treasury Department to have these stamps kept on hand only at such ports as actually require them.

LITERARY NOTE.

Logic, women and love are three forces hard to correct. But, connecting the three as closely as they seem capable of being joined, it is logical to judge that women are best fitted to write fiction which is purely romantic. At any rate, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who is, perhaps, the most popular American author of to-day, leads one to this belief. She has written an exquisitely romantic and idyllic love story, which she has named "Love for an Hour is Love Forever," which is soon to appear in serial form in the columns of a metropolitan weekly. In what weekly it will appear has not yet been announced. The story opens in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the scene shifts later to a picturesque and unfamiliar region of Mexico, and then to Texas.

DIED SUDDENLY.

James Blair, 839 West Third street, received a telegram late yesterday afternoon stating that his father, Samuel Blair, had dropped dead at Centre Hall, Centre county, that day. The deceased was a woodworker, and was at Centre Hall working at his trade when death overtook him. He was a resident of Mifflinburg, where his remains will be taken for burial. His son left this morning to be present at the funeral. Mr. Blair was about 60 years of age, and was a brother of Horace Blair, of this city. Heart failure is supposed to have been the cause of his demise.—Williamsport *Sun*.

ALMOST ITS CLOSE.

HARRISBURG, November 10.—The extra session of the Senate is on its last legs, and it may be the final adjournment will be reached this evening.

When the Senate met this morning council for the accused officers said they had no further argument to make, whereupon Senator Gobin offered a resolution that, as the accused had denied jurisdiction and the question had been fully argued and considered, and that as the charges are misdemeanors and the accused can only be proceeded against by impeachment of both branches, therefore the Senate has no jurisdiction.

Senator Ross offered a substitute, which was ruled out, setting forth that all the charges had been proved and recomending the removal of State Treasurer Boyer.

There was a great deal of discussion of the Gobin resolution, pending which an adjournment was taken until 3 o'clock. The Senate may vote on the resolution by this evening, in which event the adjournment sine die will at once take place.

AFTERNOON SESSION

At the afternoon session the question of juridiction was discussed, the Republican and advancing the argument that the Senate did not have jurisdiction, while the Democrats declared their belief that the Senate had jurisdiction. Without reaching a vote the Senate adjourned until morning. Among the speakers were Senators McCreary, Ross, Gobin, Loyed and Green.

THE MAN WAS DRUNK.

PORT JARVIS, N. Y., November 9.—A fearful tragedy was enacted at the home of G. E. David, an aged resident of Green township, Pike county, Pa., on Thursday last. A young farm laborer named Simon P. Field entered the premises of David, armed with a shotgun. As David opened the door Field discharged the contents of the gun full in his face, blowing out both eyes and literally denuding his face of flesh. David will probably die. Field then shot the wife of the injured man in the face, but her wounds are not fatal. The assassin then fled down the road, and, meeting a son of David, shot at him, inflicting a slight wound in the hand. Field lives in Dreher township, Wayne county, Pennsylvania. He was arrested on Saturday and is now in the county j il at Milford. When questioned as to the motive which prompted the deed, he claimed to have no recollection of what happened. He had been drinking heavily for some days.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Granted to Pennsylvania inventors this week. Reported by C. A Snow & Co Opp U. S. Patent Office, Washington D. C. Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents.

A. J. Logan. Clearfield, Lifting-jael. W. J. McCutcheon, Pittsburg-Key-socket for double-filament incandescent lamps. W H Newton, Cartwright, windowawning. R D Nuttall, Allegheny, Electric-car trolley. A Ilke, Lancaster, window-sach. H W Jones, Steelville, Whip-socket. W A Gay, Corry, Billfile. M Hoopes, West Chester, Electric switch. J W Bonta, Wayne, Rolling plate or sheet glass. C H Bowman, Springboro, Necktie-fastening N W Boyd, Carlisle Railway-frog. T W Broomell, Erie, Lathe attachment. E L Brown Putneyville, Mob holder. S C Burrell, Penn Hall, Railway-gate. E W Bisett, Dallas City, Adjuster for polishrods.

A GREAT RAILROAD SYSTEM ILLUSTRATED.

Every railroad man will want to see this week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Its front page has a most beautiful and lifelike likeness of President George B Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. We also find a page of interesting sketches showing the workings of this great system. The striking events that have taken place in the East are represented on the foreign page. Every one who is interested in the curious features of the criminal courts should not lose an opportunity to learn of them and see lifelike sketches. Among the goodnatured faces we notice that of Governor-elect Roswell P. Flower, of New York, and that of the phenomenally popular Democratic Governor Boies, of Iowa.

MARRIED.

KNISELY—WIAN.—At the Methodist parsonage, Sunday, November 18th, 1891, by Rev. W. A. Houck, Mr. J. S. Knisely and Miss. Carrie C. Wian, both of Bellefonte.

A QUERE RACE.

[Continued.]

"We are in the doldrums," he answered, doggedly; "there can be no doubt about that; and I have always said as if the 'Santa Anna' was not cast away—and I don't think she was cast away—I have always said as she was somewhere in the doldrums; and I am sure I am right."

This was conclusive, and I could only say that I hoped we should sight the "Santa Anna" soon, and find her treasure aboard.

"Oh, we shall find the treasure, sure enough! What would be the use of sighting her if we didn't?"

CHAPTER XII.—BEFOGGED.

As may be supposed, life on the becalmed vessel was not particularly amusing. We had not much to talk about, and out of his own line old Tom was as ignorant as an infant. There were, fortunately, plenty of books on board—at least a hundred of them being fiction—and I spent much of my time in reading, and studying, as well as I could with the means at my disposal, the theory of navigation. Then I wrote up the log-book, or rather, made an entry in it every day, for there was very little to set down. Had I not done so I should have lost count of time, so like was one day to another. Now and then I went into the engine-room, and by getting up steam, starting and stopping the engine, I familiarized myself with its working. After awhile, I became a fairly expert engineer, and had our coal bunkers not been so nearly empty, I should have shipped the screw and steamed in the direction whither I thought lay the nearest land.

Bolsover pottered about the ship, mended sails, spliced ropes, washed the decks, smoked, and slept; yet he got very weary, and one day proposed that, by way of diversion, we should make war on the rats. I asked how he would do it, seeing that we had neither cats, traps, dogs, nor ferrets.

"I will make the beggars drown themselves," he said.

And then he disclosed his plan. Rats, he explained, cannot live without water, and this was the reason why there were so many of them about the water-tanks, where they slaked their thirst by licking up the drippings and droppings. But as there was so much less water drawn than formerly, there were fewer drippings, and the rats being for that reason extremely dry, water would make a splendid bait. All that was necessary would be to take buckets, put a few inches of water at the bottom—mixed with molasses to prevent them from jumping out—fix long strips of wood on the sides, so balanced that when the rats ran along them to get at the water they would fall into the buckets.

"Very well," I said; "try it. But in my opinion the less you have to do with the rats the better. If they have not got the fever—I wish they had—they can give it."

"Oh, I have no fear. I shall not take the fever. I never thought I should. Besides, that storm must have blown it all out of the ship."

So Tom arranged his buckets, put them down in the hold near the water-tanks, and awaited the result with great expectations.

An hour later he came up in great glee, bringing one of his buckets.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "And there's more in the others."

In the bottom of the bucket was a writhing mass of rats. The water had not been deep enough to drown all of them, and the survivors, entangled in the molasses, were fighting desperately over the bodies of their comrades.

"Poor wretches!" I said. "Put them out of their misery, Tom!"

"Poor wretches! Put them out of their misery! I would rather put them into a bit more. Isn't it them as did all the mischief? But here goes! I'll chuck them into the water and let the sharks catch 'em—if they can. They'll be well met."

And with that Tom went to the taffrail, and turned the bucket upside-down, whereupon all the rats, dead and alive—all save one, a fierce-looking, gray-whiskered veteran, which contrived to cling to the side—fell pell-mell into the sea.

"Get out, you big devil!" said the boatswain, seizing it by the tail.

But instead of getting out, the rat twisted round and fixed its long, sharp teeth into its captor's thumb. Tom dropped the bucket like a hot potato, and catching the creature by the neck, choked it off, and sent it spinning.

"By ——, it hurts!" he exclaimed, popping the wounded thumb into his mouth.

"You had better go and bathe it with hot water," I said. "Rat-bites are nasty things sometimes."

"I don't think it's worth while. I'll put a bit of pitch on it. It's the best plaster I know. I never thought a rat could bite so keen. That gray-whiskered beggar's teeth were like pins and needles."

The incident made the boatswain more inveterate against the rats than ever. He converted all the buckets in the ship into traps, and by sunset he had caught several dozens. He took care, however, before throwing them overboard, to see that they were properly drowned, and even then he handled the bucket in such a way as to prevent any possibility of a second bite.

But the rats, though they perished, had their revenge. The next morning Bolsover was very ill. The thumb was inflamed and exceedingly painful, and he had all the appearance of sickening for yellow fever. I was seriously alarmed, for, despite his craze about the "Santa Anna," old Tom was a thorough seaman and a very good fellow. You cannot be thrown much with a man (at any rate, I cannot) without getting to like him—unless he is absolutely repulsive—and I had got to like the boatswain. Besides, what would become of me if I should be left alone on board a big ship in mid-ocean, utterly ignorant of my whereabouts, only just able to steer, and hardly knowing one sail from another?

If it were possible to keep old Tom alive, I meant to do it, although, judging by my recent experience, the odds against his recovery were hundreds to one. On the other hand, the very fact that he had remained so long invulnerable showed that he possessed great resisting power, and rendered it probable that he would make a tougher fight for his life than the others had done.

The first thing was to get my patient to keep his bed, which for a time he obstinately refused to do. To confess that he was ill would not only have touched his pride and made his boastings look rather ridiculous, but would have gone far to falsify his predictions. So he pretended that his illness was a mere passing indisposition—"a bit of a headache"—made light of his swollen thumb, and insisted on getting up and helping to prepare breakfast.

But the strongest will cannot long bear up under severe local pain and the all-pervading agonies of fever, and it was not long before Bolsover confessed himself beaten, and took to his bed.

"I never thought I should be ill," he murmured, "but it won't be much. I shall be well in a day or two, I know I shall. You were right, Mr. Erle; I shouldn't have meddled with them rats—hang 'em! I don't care how soon we get out of this ship. There's a curse on her; that's what it is. There's a curse on her."

Tom must have been very bad to own himself in the wrong. It was an evil sign, and made the darkest doubts of his recovery.

"I had lately read a mouldy thing in some instances a third time the medical books in the captain's cabin, and the knowledge thus acquired, and my own observation, had given me certain ideas as to treatment of yellow fever, which I now proceeded to put into practice. Medicine having produced no effect in previous cases, I determined to try something else.

One of the most characteristic symptoms of the malady is intense heat, the patient's temperature being often as high as one hundred and seven degrees. I presumed, though I did not know for certain, that this was owing to an arrest of perspiration. The main point, therefore, was to make my patient sweat; so I rolled him in a wet sheet, then put a pile of blankets on the top of him, and made him drink about a gallon of hot water. I kept him in the pack for hours, and when I unpacked him, washed him all over with salt water. This operation I repeated several times in succession, and always when the fever got worse and his skin became hot and dry. I do not presume to say that I cured Bolsover, for the illness ran its course; but, at any rate, he recovered, and that is what none of the others did. The fever may, however, have been of a milder type than theirs, and it is of course quite possible that he would have got better in any case, and did actually get better, not because of, but in spite of, my treatment. But my patient thought otherwise. He quite believed I had cured him, said that he owed me his life, and, in the fullness of his heart, protested that, whether I helped him to find the "Santa Anna" or not, he should give me half her cargo of gold and silver.

"Thank you, Tom," I said, laughing. "I'll take it, with all my heart; and it will be the biggest fee ever paid to a quack doctor since the world began, and that is saying a great deal."

"There is nothing to laugh at," answered the boatswain, who could never bear being chaffed about his craze. "There is nothing to laugh at, and I'll make a man of you yet, Mr. Erle; never fear! You will be the richest man in Liverpool one of these days."

But Tom did not get better either very soon or very easily. He lay in his hammock three weeks, and rose from it a yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed ghost, hardly able to put one leg before the other.

"I shall not be of much use when the change comes," he said, as I supported him to a Southampton chair, under an awning we had rigged up a short time before he fell ill.

"What change?"

"Change of weather, to be sure. And it is bound to come soon. How long have we been here?"

"We have been becalmed five weeks; but as to how long we have been here I would not venture to offer an opinion. I am not sure whether we are here!"

"You are getting beyond me now, Mr. Erle. Not sure whether we are here! Where else should we be?"

"I mean that we are moving. At any rate, I think so. I happened this morning to throw a cork overboard at the stern, and now it is at the bows."

"There must be a current, then."

"It looks so; and if the cork, moves so must the ship, though not so fast."

"You may soon find out whether she moves. Make a trial with the log."

"A happy thought! It never occurred to me. I will do it at once."

And I did. The "Diana" was progressing through the water at the rate of a knot an hour.

"If we have been going at this speed all along for the last five weeks," I said, making a rapid mental calculation, "we have done eight hundred and forty miles."

"I don't think we have been going at this speed all along. When I fell ill it was as dead a calm as it could be, and as hot as blazes. And now it is cooler—I am sure it is cooler. Don't you think so?"

"I know it is. I look at the thermometer every day, and the average temperature is from seven to ten degrees lower than it was a fortnight since."

"If we had been doing a knot an hour these last three weeks, how much would that make?"

"Five hundred and four miles."

"Which means that much further south. Well, I shouldn't wonder. Have you looked at the chart lately?"

"I have pored over it till my head aches; and the more I look the more puzzled I become. I never in my life felt so ignorant and helpless. How I wish I had got poor Captain Peyton to give me a few lessons in navigation."

"I wish you had, Mr. Erle. It almost seems as we shall have to keep on as we are till something turns up, doesn't it?"

"Like a couple of Micawbers."

"Eh?"

"I mean it vexes me to be so utterly helpless, and I weary of having nothing to do."

"Don't worrit yourself, sir. We shall get somewhere sometime, if you will only be quiet; and when the weather changes you will have quite enough to do. And there is a feel in the air and a look about the sun as tells me that the change won't be long in coming. That signal with our number seems to be stirring a bit, doesn't it?"

"Yes; I think it is fluttering just a little."

"There must be a light breeze aloft, then; and if we could only set our topsails, and main and mizzen top-gallant sails, we might get steering way on her, and make, may be, two or three knots an hour."

"Two or three knots! I wish we could make twenty knots and get somewhere," I exclaimed, passionately. "Storm, tempest, shipwreck, anything would be better than this intolerable calm."

"Hush! hush! Mr. Erle; don't you be a-tempting of Providence; we shall have a wind before long, you'll see. We don't want no storm, or tempests, or shipwrecks! Just a fair wind, and no more."

Weather-wise as old Tom undoubtedly was, his forecast—influenced probably by his wishes—remained a dead letter for a whole week. But as he repeated it every day, he proved himself a true prophet in the end. Contrary to my expectations—for I had read and heard that tropical calms are almost invariably succeeded by terrible storms—the change came gradually. First of all a breath of air, just sufficient to tauten the jibs and fill the foresail, without having any sensible effect on the progress of the ship; then a light wind, which gave us steering way, followed at a short interval by a spanking breeze that sent us along at the rate of four or five knots an hour, and made us wild to spread more canvas.

We carried this breeze with us several days, and with a lower temperature, bright sunshine, and a grand sea, we felt better and more hopeful than we had felt for a long time. Our voyage, we thought, must be coming to an end. We could surely not go much further without either sighting a sail or making land. But when our hopes were at the highest, the fine weather suddenly collapsed. Clouds gathered, the sun disappeared, and a fine rain fell, so thick and misty that we could not see more than a cable's length ahead. This went on for days; the wind changed, too, and not being able to tack, we were obliged to change with it, and almost reverse our course.

"This is worse than the calm," grumbled old Tom, "and if it goes on we shall either be ramming the ship ashore, or getting run down by a steamer."

It not only went on, but grew worse. The rain melted into a fog so dense that after sundown we were shrouded in a darkness so impenetrable that we could not see a hand's breadth before us, and had absolutely to grope our way about the ship. It was like solitary confinement in a black hole, with an extreme probability of sudden death. Our spirits sunk to zero, and my courage almost gave out. Even old Tom, confident as he had hitherto been, began to despair. To run aground or be dashed against some iron-bound shore in that pitchy darkness would be death in its most frightful shape. Yet the certainty of death was easier to bear than the suspense we were compelled to endure, and the consciousness that every moment might be our last. Bolsover, being still weak, could give me little help, and except when I took an hour's rest, once or twice in the twenty-four, I was always at the helm. But every man's strength has its limits, and after awhile I became so used up that I could stand it no longer.

"We can only die once," I said to Bolsover; "and whether we live or die, I must sleep."

So I lashed the wheel amidships and turned in.

When I awoke there was a glimmering light, but whether of gloaming or dawn I could not determine, for I had lost all count of time, knew not the day of the week, and had forgotten to wind up both my own watch and the late captain's chronometer.

I went on deck, and found the helm still lashed amidships; but Bolsover was nowhere to be seen, and I looked into his bunk, and armed with a lantern, visited all his accustomed haunts without result.

"God bless me!" I thought. "He surely cannot have fallen overboard! That would be too awful!"

I returned to the poop, seriously alarmed, and began to unlash the helm (not seeing what more I could do until there was more light), when I heard a hail from the mast-head.

"Is that you, Tom," I shouted. Rather a superfluous question, perhaps, for it could not well be anybody else. Yet it seemed hardly possible for a sick man to climb in the dark to the mast-head of a ship that was rolling like a log.

"Ay, ay, sir; it's me. I'll be down directly," was the answer.

Ten minutes later (by which time it was decidedly lighter) he came sliding down the shrouds.

"What were you thinking of, to go up to the mast-head in your present weak state?" I said, reproachfully. "Suppose you had fallen overboard?"

"And if I had. You know what you said before you turned in about two days since?"

"Two days since?"

"Nearly; though there's so little difference between day and night that I cannot be quite sure. You said a man can only die once. All the same I don't think there's much risk in going to the mast-head—I am stronger than I was when you went asleep—and fogs is queer sorts of things; it often happens as they lies just on the top of the water, and all above is clear and bright—leastways, so I've heard say. So I thought as I would just go up and find out, if I could, whether this here fog is of that there nature."

"Is it?"

"Partly. Anyhow, it is a good deal clearer up there than down here, and a score yards or so higher up I dare say it is broad daylight. All the same, I saw the sun rise; and, what's more, I made out something as looks very like land."

"Land! Land at last! Thank God!" I gasped, almost speechless with surprise and joy. "But are you sure you are not mistaken? Where away?"

"On the port bow. No, I don't think I am mistaken. It looks like a big mountain, fifteen or twenty miles off, may be. Give me a glass, and I'll go up again and have another squint."

"I'll go with you, Tom. Wait half a minute."

As I spoke I whipped into the captain's cabin and fetched two binoculars. I slung one round my neck and handed the other to the boatswain.

"Don't you think as you had better take the helm, sir, and keep her up to the wind? She rolls so much as it will hardly be possible to make anything out. Then, when I come down, which it won't be many minutes, I can take the helm and you can go up."

There was so much sense in this suggestion that I was fain to comply with it, notwithstanding my eagerness "to take a squint" on my own account—and it was well I did. As I went to the wheel, the boatswain began to climb up the shrouds, slowly and painfully, being still rather short-winded and weak-kneed.

I had just steadied the ship, and he had got as far as the upper main-topsail yard, when there came out of the fog a hail so startling and unexpected that it almost made me jump out of my skin.

"Starboard! Hard a starboard! For God's sake starboard your helm!"

As I whirled round the wheel the fog rolled back and revealed a scene the like of which I had never before beheld, or even imagined, and old Tom came down on the deck with a run.

CHAPTER XIII.—PAINTED OR PIEBALD?

Right before us rose sheer out of the water a tall white rock, at least fifty feet high. Another moment and we would have crashed against it, "stem on." We were saved only by Tom's sharpness of vision, by the promptitude with which I obeyed his order, and the sudden lifting of the fog.

But are we saved? There are rocks to the right of us, rocks to the left of us, some white, others red, yet all of great height, with splintered, fantastic pinnacles and broken battlements like the keeps of so many ruined castles; some as naked as an Alpine peak above the snow-line, others mantled with a luxuriant growth of greenery and pendant wild flowers, while the waves leap up their sides and troops of seabirds wheel round their summits. A veritable labyrinth of rocks; and as I look up after the first shock of surprise, I see inscribed on one of them, in old-fashioned and bold yet worn characters, these startling words.

"Here the 'Santa Anna'——
"1744."

There seems to be another word, but being covered with a spray of ivy, I cannot make it out. Whether Bolsover sees the inscription I do not know. He is at the bows, conning the ship, and I am steering; the passage between the line of rocks being so narrow, and the current or tide so strong that it requires most strenuous attention to avoid striking. More than once the yards scrape the brow of some beetling cliff, and only by Heaven's help and old Tom's skilful pilotage do we escape utter destruction.

At length the stress is over, and with an indescribable sense of thankfulness and relief we sail into open water. We can breathe freely. Danger and the dark sea are behind, hope and a harbor of refuge before us. We are in a wide, crescent-shaped bay, fringed with a shore of white sand, from which rises, in gentle slopes, a glorious mountain, on whose summit waves a cloud-banner, which at first sight I mistake for the smoke of a volcano.

Save for the white limestone crags with which it is crowned, the mountain is clad with verdure from top to bottom. Field alternates with forest; I can distinguish roads, too, and here and there is a quaint house of wood, not unlike the chalets that lend so great a charm to the valleys of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

All this, of course, through a binocular. We are still too far off to see much with the naked eye.

"Heaven only knows where we are," I said to Tom, who by this time had come aft. "But it seems a civilized sort of place. No danger of our being killed and eaten, I think."

"Not a bit. Cannibals don't build houses or make roads like them there. I wonder whether it's an island or a continent? Anyhow, it is well protected. That line of reefs stretches from one point of the bay to the other. It is a miracle how we got through. If the fog had not lifted just when it did—and it did not lift much—we should have gone to everlasting smash. We came out of it; that was it. Look there!"

It was true. Beyond the barrier of rocks the mist still rested on the sea, looking in the distance like a chain of billowy mountains.

"The tide—or may be it's a current—is running fast," said the boatswain, a few minutes later. "I wonder whether we are in soundings? I will heave the lead, and if we are, we must make ready to let go."

He had evidently not seen the inscription on the white rock; and it was quite as well. He would have been able to think of nothing else.

"By all means," I answered. "It would never do to run aground, and there is not much chance of getting a pilot, I fear."

Whereupon Tom took the lead, and went into the chains. When he came back he reported that the depth was nine fathoms, the bottom sandy, and the water rapidly shoaling. He thought that, to be on the safe side, we should let go at once, though we were still three or four miles from the nearest part of the coast.

To this I of course agreed, for in matters of seamanship I always deferred to Bolsover's opinion; and five minutes afterward the "Diana" was riding at anchor, her stern toward the land, her stem toward the rocks.

"How about going ashore?" I asked. "Can we lower a boat?"

"I think so; and if it comes to that, we must. But wait a bit; there's no hurry. May be some on 'em—natives or what not—will be coming off to us."

"All right. I'll run below, put on a clean shirt, and make myself presentable."

"As you like, sir. But as for me, I shall take no such trouble. I shall do well enough as I am. I don't suppose the people of this country are of much account—niggers or greasers, or summat o' that sort. They don't wear no clothes—not they; and they are sure to speak some confounded outlandish lingo that nobody understands but themselves."

Though we had survived the dangers of a most perilous voyage, escaped death as by a miracle, and brought the "Diana" to a safe anchorage, poor old Tom was evidently in an unhappy frame of mind. It was easy to guess the reason. We had seen nothing of the treasure-ship, nor any sign of her, and for several reasons I did not think the time had yet come to make mention of the writing on the rock.

When I returned to the deck, feeling all the better for a good wash and fresh rig-out, Tom was peering hard through his glass.

"There's a boat putting off," he said; "a biggish boat with a lateen sail, and a crew of six or eight men—custom-house chaps, of course; for you may be cock-sure of one thing: if a country hasn't as much trade as would keep a colony of fleas, it is sure to have custom-houses—for, you see, if custom-houses isn't trade, they looks like it."

I took a glass and had a look on my own account. The boat was under way, and evidently making for the "Diana;" but owing to the lightness of the breeze and the flowing tide, the lateen sail did not seem to be of much use, and the crew were taking to their oars, which they appeared to handle with great dexterity. But I gave less heed to the boat and her management than to the people she carried. I burned with curiosity to know where we were and what kind of people we had fallen among; and I thought that I might possibly gather some idea of their characters, perhaps even of their nationality, from the personal appearance of the boat's occupants.

At any rate, they were clothed; so far, so good. Houses, roads, boats, garments—all these were unmistakable signs of civilization.

"Blacks, by ——!" sung out Tom, who, albeit older than I, had not dimmed his sight by bending over a desk.

"Nonsense! They are dark, perhaps; but certainly not black; and those two men in the stern are certainly white."

"It looks so; but we cannot surely have got to the West Indies, nor yet to the Brazils. And you are wrong; they are not white, and the others are not black."

"What on earth are they, then?"

"They are— By the Lord Harry! they are spotted—every man-jack of 'em. Those chaps in the stern are white and red; and them as is rowing red and black."

And Tom dropped his glass and gave me a look so comically expressive of fear, bewilderment, and surprise, that I laughed outright.

"What can they be?" I asked; for though my vision was less keen than his, I could see that the people in the boat had very queer complexions.

"Cannibals—savages in their war-paint! Nothing else—And they'll eat us, too, if they get a chance. But I'm not going to be eaten if I can help it, Mr. Erle. We'll sell our lives dearly—we will that. There's arms in the captain's cabin. Let us load them at once. And those old carronades" (two brass pieces we had for firing signals), "we'll load them, too. I know where the cartridges are."

"But we have no ball."

"Never mind; we'll charge them with old nails and bits of iron."

"Very well; do so then. We may as well be prepared. But, for my part, I cannot say that I have any great fear of these painted people. At any rate, it is better to speak them fair before we show fight."

"Speak 'em fair! What's the use of speaking fair—or foul either, for that matter—to a lot of savage devils as can't understand a word you say? As soon as they get within shooting distance they'll let fly a harrow at your head—unless you are beforehand with 'em. I've been among such-like in the Pacific, and I know. However, you stop here and watch 'em, Mr. Erle, and I'll get the arms ready."

The boat came on apace, and the nearer she drew, the more puzzled I became. The rowers being naked to the waist, I naturally saw a good deal of them; but whether they were red men dabbled with black, or black fellows dabbed with red, I was unable to determine, and as yet I could see little or nothing of their faces. Of the two men in the stern, however, I had a very fair view. Their faces were queer, very queer. The elder of them seemed to have a reddish eye and a white one; and the left cheek of the other differed in color from the right. As the elder turned his head, moreover, I perceived that he sported a pigtail. Their coats, of some dark material, were large and roomy, and adorned with brass or gold buttons; their nether garments were white; and, to crown all, they wore cocked hats, such as I had seen nowhere but in old-fashioned pictures and on the stage.

The pigtail suggested China, but it was impossible that we could have drifted as far as the Flowery Land—and the Celestials don't wear white breeches and cocked hats. Then it struck me that these were wild people, after all, who had obtained their strange costumes from the plunder of a ship, or by way of trade; for I knew that savages like nothing so well as to array themselves in grotesque finery. But, lo! Those roads and houses! And the rowers boasted no finery whatever; and somehow, notwithstanding their painted faces, the two men in the stern had not the air of savages.

I gave it up, and awaited the *denouement* with eager curiosity.

CHAPTER XIV.—"ENGLISH, BY JINGO!"

In the meantime Bolsover had brought a couple of rifles and a supply of cartridges, and was now charging the carronades.

"What is the use of that?" I said. "They are mounted on wooden carriages; you cannot depress them."

"Well, then, they'll frighten the beggars, and may be make 'em sheer off. They kick up a devil of a row, these carronades. By ——! they are not above a thousand yards away. I think I could pick the first fellow off—him as is rowing stroke" taking up a rifle.

"Don't be a fool, Tom," I said, quietly. "It would be the height of folly to make any sort of hostile demonstration—to show fight, I mean—until and unless we are quite sure that these men mean mischief. For Heaven's sake, let us make friends of them if we can. If we make enemies of them we are done for. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, more ashore, and we might as well try to fly as to get the ship out of the bay."

"As you like, sir. I look on you as my superior officer, and Tom Bolsover always obeys orders. But keep your weather eye open, for as sure as any of them painted devils puts their feet on deck we are dead men."

I made no answer. All my attention was concentrated on the boat. When she came within hailing distance the man with the pigtail (who had been steering) gave the tiller to his companion and stood up. He was tall, and wore a sword—so far as I could see, the only weapon in the boat.

"Good!" I thought. "Their intentions *must* be peaceful."

The man with the pigtail put his hand to the mouth.

"What ship is that?" he asked, in a loud clear voice, and with faultless pronunciation.

"English, by Jingo!" muttered Bolsover. "Boy and man, I've been at sea two-and-thirty year, and so help me—"

"The 'Diana,' bound from Liverpool to Montevideo," I answered. "What country is this?"

"We call it the Fair Island."

"And the inhabitants?"

"We call ourselves English."

By this time the boat is under the counter.

"Will you come on board?" I said. "But wait a minute, and we will lower you a ladder."

"Thank you, we don't need a ladder," says the younger man; and clutching a rope which hangs over the ship's side, he hauls himself up, and vaults over the bulwark with the agility of a professional acrobat. His companion follows suit, although a little more leisurely, doubtless owing to his greater age and somewhat heavier build.

Then they draw themselves up to their full height, doff their cocked hats with a graceful sweep, and make a low bow.

I return the salute in my best style, but the contrast between the manner of their coming on board, and their dignified bearing, their cocked hats, pigtails, white breeches, and mottled faces, is so exceedingly droll that I can hardly keep my countenance, while old Tom, almost exploding with suppressed laughter, bolts incontinently down the fore-hatchway, where he can give free vent to his mirth without any breach of politeness.

What especially tickled him (it certainly tickled me) is probably the fact that our affable and agile guests are not merely painted; they are actually piebald. Their variegated hue is as much a part of themselves as their pigtails and their noses.

Judging by the way they stare at me (after recovering their perpendicular), I excite their curiosity as much as they excite mine—which is perhaps quite as well, for their inspection gives me time to compose my countenance and recover my presence of mind.

"Your most obedient servant," says the elder of my visitors, bowing again.

"Yours truly," I answered, bowing in return.

Then another pause.

"Welcome on board the 'Diana,' gentlemen," I add, for they look as if they expect me to say something more. "It affords me infinite pleasure to make your acquaintance."

(Not, perhaps, the very best thing to say in the circumstances, but the best I can think of on the spur of the moment.)

"Your pleasure, sir, cannot be greater than ours," returns the senior piebald. "Never before has anybody from the old home favored the Fair Island with a visit. Our people, sir, will give you a warm welcome. Might I make so bold as to inquire to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"My name is Sidney Erle."

"Mine is Waterlow Field. Allow me to introduce to you my friend and kinsman, Mr. Amyas Fane."

I bow again; so does Mr. Fane.

"I presume you are the captain?" asks Mr. Field.

"No; I am only a passenger."

"Ah, the captain is below, I suppose?"

"Very much so. He is dead, and his body lies at the bottom of the sea."

"Poor fellow! And the mate?"

"He also is dead. In fact, the boatswain and myself are the sole survivors of the 'Diana's' passengers and crew, all the rest are dead."

"God bless me! What did they die of?"

"Yellow fever."

"And you and the boatswain only are left! How terrible! That was the boatswain who went to the fore part of the ship just now, I suppose."

"Yes; Old Tom; and a right good fellow he is."

"I am glad to hear it. He seems also to be a merry fellow."

"Merry! Not particularly. Rather the reverse, in fact. Why do you think he is merry?"

"Because I hear him laughing."

"Hear him laughing! Impossible! Why, he is down in the fo'castle, and we are on the poop."

"Oh, yes; I hear him quite distinctly. Do not you, Amyas?"

"Distinctly. He is talking to himself, too. What is it he says?"—listening attentively. "'By the Lord Harry! Boy and man, I've been at sea two-and-thirty year—' Now he laughs again; what at, I wonder?"

There was no humbug about it. They really could hear a man talking in the forecastle—or perhaps they were clairvoyants!

"Your sense of hearing is much more acute than mine; I cannot hear a word," I said. And then, fearing that our visitors might hear something to their disadvantage, I blew a call on my whistle, as I generally did when I wanted Tom and he was out of ear-shot.

"You informed us just now that the 'Diana' was bound from Liverpool to Montevideo. How, then, may I ask, did you find your way hither?" asked Mr. Field.

"We did not find our way at all. The ship found it for us. We came by chance."

"And you actually made the passage of the Painted Rocks in safety! That was indeed an extraordinary chance. No seagoing ship ever did the like. But you shall tell us your story on another occasion. We are come, my dear sir, to ask you to accompany us to Fairhaven, the modest capital of the Fair Island, there to make the acquaintance of our people and be presented to our queen."

"You do me too much honor, gentlemen; I shall only be too delighted. You will go with me, of course, Tom?" (He had just come aft.)

"Where you goes, I go, Mr. Erle. I am ready. But, I say"—*sotto voce*—"did you ever? Boy and man, I've been at sea two-and-thirty year—"

This would not do at all. People who could hear a laugh as far off as the forecastle could hear a whisper six feet away; so, in order to avoid any cause of offense, I turned from Bolsover, and, asking our piebald friends if they smoked, offered each of them a cigar, which, after saying, they were extremely "obleeged" to me, they accepted.

"Have you a light, Tom?" I asked. "I am afraid I left my box below."

"Of course I have," answered the boatswain. And taking a match from his waistcoat pocket, he lifted up his leg and struck it on his trousers.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed Mr. Field, turning pale and starting backward, while his companion made a still more rapid retreat, clapping his hand on the bulwark as if he were preparing to jump into the sea. "Magic! Mr. Bolsover must be a wizard. Does he always carry fire in—in—that particular part of his person?"

"Oh, dear, no!" I answered, laughing. "He only struck a match. A little splinter of wood, you see. The substance at the end is a mixture of phosphorus and some other chemical substances, which ignites when slightly rubbed. Do it again, Tom."

Tom did it again.

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the senior, examining a match. "A recent invention, I presume? The progress of enlightenment! Ah! ah! Would you kindly let me try?"

I said yes, of course, and sent Tom for more matches, as well as vestas and fusees, and showed how they were struck on the boxes; but both Mr. Field and his friend preferred the boatswain's method, and proceeded to practice it forthwith. They had, however, a slight difficulty to contend with in the extreme smoothness of their nether garments, which rendered necessary in the act of striking a rapid movement of the right hand. At the outset they failed somewhat ignominiously. The elder gentleman raised his leg rather too too high, and, striking at the same time, lost his balance, and falling against Mr. Fane (who had also his leg in the air), both rolled on the deck together, rather to the discomfiture of the senior; but the younger man laughed heartily, and they were up again before you could have said "Jack Robinson," springing to their feet without using their hands.

After this I gave each of them a box, which they accepted with unaffected delight. Then I produced a revolver, and fired several shots in rapid succession; but, though the weapon both surprised and delighted them, and they remarked how useful it would be in warfare, they were evidently less impressed with it than they had been by the striking of the match on old Tom's trousers.

"Have you any other arms on board?" asked Field—as I thought, rather anxiously.

The combined circulation of the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Seed-Time and Harvest*, and *Farm Poultry*, will soon exceed one million copies. All three will be sent one year for only one dollar by the Seed-Time and Harvest Co., La Plume, Pa. a 31—2m.

THE COLONEL HAD THE DROP.

And There Was Nothing for the Stranger to Do but Apologize.

"I met a real Kentucky colonel the other day from Louisville," said a young Washington man to a Star writer. "He was in all respects a most admirable representative of that peculiar type which only such social conditions as existed before the war could have produced, and which is so rapidly passing away never to return. To me the old gentleman was quite a study. His dress was faultless, though old-fashioned and after a mode of elegance which was of years gone by, and his manners were of the true courtly style. Of such as he few indeed now are left, I fancy, so mild of manner and yet a subdued suggestion about him of the true fire-eater.

"The colonel invited me to take a drink. It was at a bar-room near the capitol. As well as I could perceive during the short time of my acquaintance with him he invariably extended a like courtesy to every one he met. Doubtless he had followed the practice long, inasmuch as the end of his nose was of a redness such as no mere casual potations could have incurred. He took Bourbon whisky, of course, and it is unnecessary to say that he took it straight. There wasn't a tremor in his long and well-made though wrinkled hand as he held the liquor up between his eye and the light. With an elaborate compliment and an accompanying gesture, he drank it off and plunged anew into a story he had been telling about the war.

"'We were in the trench just under the redoubt,' he was saying, 'and only six men in my company were left alive. Close by where I stood a group of a dozen brave fellows had been blown to fragments by a shell, so that the ground was literally bestrewn with bits of flesh, and so slippery with blood that——'

"'Humph!'

"The exclamatien came from a tall and loosely built man with a dark mustache, who stood at the other end of the bar. The colonel turned on his heel slightly, stared at the person through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, dropped them from his nose again, and went on.

"'As I was saying, the ground was literally piled with dead, by gad, sir! But just at that moment the tide of battle turned. The Yankees fell back, and——'

"'That's a blamed lie!'

"Again it was the tall man with a dark mustache who spoke, drawing out the words which to a Kentucky colonel have an import of insult the deadliest conceivable. The demeanor of the latter was one of perfect calmness, but the repressed passion which raged beneath his ruffled shirt bosom was betrayed by his nose, which suddenly turned perfectly white. Once more adjusting his eyeglasses and gazing through them for a moment steadfastly at the interrupter, he said:

"'Sir, this is a conversation of gentlemen, in which you could necessarily have no part. I may go so far as to say that in any conversation of gentlemen you would be out of place.' Pausing for a moment to cough slightly, he added: "Furthermore, sir, you will withdraw that remark which you have just made, or you will not leave this room alive.'

"In concluding his remarks the colonel placed his hand on his revolver, half drawing it from his hip pocket, and in that attitude, while still gazing intently at the tall man with the dark mustache, awaited a reply. It came very promptly. The tall man apologized profusely and wanted to shake hands.

"'No, sir!' said the colonel, drawing himself up with his hands behind him. 'You are a blackguard, sir, and a Kentucky gentleman does not shake hands with a person of your kind. The best thing you can do is to get out of here at once.'

"When the tall man had slunk out of the room the whisky bottle was again set forth upon the bar. The old gentleman lifted his tumbler to his lips and I noticed that there was not the slightest tremor in the fingers that held it.

"'I don't see how you could do a thing like that so well, off-hand, colonel,' I said. 'It seemed to me that life and death might be the question of a moment and your nerve astonished me.'

"'My dear boy,' he replied, "the matter was less extraordinary and perhaps less dangerous than it appeared to you. The minute that the insulting words were said my entire line of action was planned out in my mind in a flash. To begin with, you will remember that I taunted the fellow, saying that he was not a gentleman. I even repeated the taunt and paused a moment to give him an opportunity to attack me. If he had not been a coward—if he had been going to fight at all—he would have attacked me then. What was my object in that? Simply to give myself a plea of justifiable homicide which would hold good before a jury. When I demanded his apology or his life I had the drop on him and there was only one thing that he could do. There was not a moment during the disagreeableness when I was in any danger. I have been through a great many troubles of a tragic nature and I tell you that the man who keeps his head wins. Never lose your nerve in a quarrel and always keep in mind the plea of self-defense which you will need if you kill your adversary.'"—Washington Star.

Pine Apple Drink.

An exchange says that "if a pine-apple be sliced thin and set away in a jar of water properly sweetened and kept in ice, the sharp aromatic oil, which most people find irritating to the mouth, becomes diffused in the delicious flavoring of the fruit, and yields a lively sensation, which we should suppose might make an acceptable substitute for spirituous liquor, without, of course, the slightest intoxicating quality."—Good Health.

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Miss Blunt—Why does the jeweler put insect powder in his window?

Miss Sharpe—Probably to keep the roaches away from his gems.—Jewelers' Weekly.

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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JURORS IN COURT.

THE WHEEL ROLLS AROUND AND THEY CALL OUT GRAB.

SPECIAL COURT.

A special term of Court will begin on the second Monday of November the 9th:

Joseph Bierly, laborer, Miles twp.
Jacob Cronister, laborer, Half Moon.
H B Wilcox, carpenter, Rush twp.
Samuel Swarm, laborer, Boggs "
Henry Reading, manager, Snow Shoe.
A W Gardner, carpenter, Howard.
James I Clark, farmer, Liberty twp.
James Galbraith, farmer, Harris "
Michael Walker, farmer, Boggs "
James Kenwdly, carpenter, Gregg "
Adam Zeigler, farmer, Harris "
William Tobin, laborer, Snow Shoe.
E D Noll, plasterer, Bellefonte
E S Crates, farmer, Gregg twp
H M Stover, carpenter, Ferguson twp
George Long, Mason, Snow Shoe.
C O Whippo, blacksmith, Half Moon
James Ebanigh, carpenter, Philipsburg.
D E Bible, merchant, Gregg twp
H O Hoffer, merchant, Philipsburg.
James C Curtin, farmer, Spring twp
Ralph E Stover, carpenter, Harris twp
David Wance, laborer, Harris twp.
L B McEntire, merchant, Penore.
H M Grenoble, laborer, Ferguson twp
ohn McGowen, farmer, Snow Shoe.
Joseph Davidson, farmer, Union twp
George D Glossner, farmer, Curtin twp.
Frederick Bartley, laborer, Walker "
Thomas Doyle, laborer, Philipsburg
Samuel Gingrich, farmer, Worth twp.
Silas Reese, coal operator, Philipsburg.
Benj. Limbert, farmer, Gregg twp.
Daniel Eberhart, carpenter, Bellefonte.
William Gill, blacksmith, Philipsburg.
John Yearick, farmer, Spring twp.

REGULAR COURT—GRAND JURORS.

The regular term of court will begin on the 4th Monday.

Frank Barker, farmer, Haines twp.
E A Allison, farmer, Potter twp.
W F Hoover, farmer. Taylor twp.
John C Wagner, miller, Boggs twp.
J B Stere, laborer, Unionville.
Joseph Lee, farmer, Walker twp.
Emanuel Kerstetter, farmer, Penn twp.
A V Miller, farmer, Spring twp.
Thomas Donach, mechanic, Bellefonte.
George Rhoads, Laborer, Snow Shoe.
William Corl, laborer, Benner twp.
M G Gray, merchant, Philipsburg
S H Pletcher, carpenter, Howard.
Ira C Leathers, farmer, Marion twp.
W C Vanvalin, dentist, Unionville.
Wm. Bradford, farmer, Potter twp.
Wm. F Smith, farmer, Penn ,,
Joseph Fullmer, farmer, Boggs. ,,
John Peters, laborer, Worth ,,
J H Wyle, carpenter, Haines ,,
D B Schenck, farmer, Howard ,,
John Bruss, farmer, Huston ,,
John T Stewart, merchant, Harris ,,
J M Claar, justice, Rush ,,

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK

Oscar Wetzel, bookkeeper, Spring twp
David Nevling, farmer, Snow Shoe.
G W Williams, carpenter, Harris twp,
W Lose, farmer, Haines ,,
A C Mingle merchant, Bellefonte.
Lewis Rearick, farmer Spring ,,
John Garberick, Jr. laborer, ,, ,,
Wm. Poorman, laborer, Snow Shoe.
George Rote, clerk, ,, ,,
Hiram Thompson, farmer, College ,,
N B Spangler, clerk, Bellefonte.
W L Steele, carpenter, ,,
J H Sands, gentleman, ,,
H F Twigg, farmer, Rush twp.
Joseph Alters, carpenter, Gregg twp.
David Welsh. farmer, Curtin ,,
W H Page, clerk, Bellefonte.
Nicholas Mann, laborer, Liberty twp.
Jason Underwood farmer. Union ,,
Wm. H Goss, farmer, Ferguson ,,
Henry Warfle, tanner, Philipsburg.
D S DeLong, teacher, Curtin twp.
Jacob Raub, farmer, Howard ,,
W M Biddle, agent, Philipsburg.
Wm. Working, laborer, Potter, twp
E Confer, farmer, Boggs ,,
Jos. S Rumbarger, farmer, Half Moon.
W H Bailey, farmer. Ferguson twp.
Henry Schmidt, butcher, Philipsburg.
William Coble, laborer, College twp.
David Bechdel. farmer, Curtin ,,
Job W Packer, " " "
Wm Henderson, puddler, Howard twp.
G B Campell, farmer, Furguson "
J C Stover, farmer, Penn "
Andrew Whiteman, laborer, Rush "
George Behres, Jr., farmer, Potter "
Frank Deitz, farmer, Howard "
James Resides, farmer, Boggs "
Irvin G Lucas, laborer, Show Shoe.
Robert Hockenberry, farmer, Penn twp.
Edward Roan, laborer, Spring "
Charles Hess, laborer, Rush "
J W Mattern, gentleman, Philipsburg.
Jacob B Hasel, farmer, Miles twp.
R M Wolf, merchant, Haines "

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Chas. Frankenberger, farmer, Penn twp.
A C Witherite, farmer, Boggs "
Israel Young, gunsmith, Harris "
Michael Schaeffer, farmer, Walker "
Michael Hess, farmer, Haines "
Charles Hinkleman, nailer, Spring "
William Fleming, laborer, " "
A H Smith, agent, Philipsburg.
Sanford White, laborer, Rush twp.
Wm. Etters, laborer, Burnside "
James D Gentzel, farmer, Gregg "
Lenn Lucas, laborer, Snow Shoe.
C G Cleveland, farmer, " "
Samuel Dunlap, carpenter, Ferguson twp.
Edward Foster, laborer, Bellefonte.
W H Fry, farmer, Ferguson twp.
J M Tompson, teacher, Rush "
Wm. Saylor, laborer. Spring "
Abraham Treaster, laborer, Haines twp.
Chas. Johnsonbaugh laborer, Spring "
H P Blair, carpenter, Philipsburg.
Jno. F Heckman, farmer, Gregg twp.
E C Elder, merchant, Milesburg.
J W Messinger, laborer, Potter twp.
John Hoffman, miner, Rush "
William Lutz, farmer, Benner "
Miles Dukeman, forgeman, Boggs "
Frank Geiswhite, blacksmith, Haines twp,
Henry C Campell, farmer, Ferguson "
David P Weston, laborer, Rush twp.
Thomas Mayers, laborer, " "
Samuel Johnson, farmer, " "
Jesse Cleaver, surveyor, Unionville.
David Hoover, laborer, Spring twp.
Mitchael Bechdel, farmer, Liberty twp.
Benner W Way, farmer, Benner "

To Our Subscribers.

The Special Announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a6—11t.

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Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

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Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

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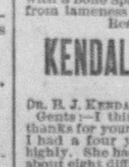

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" Prefered	36½	3/4
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BLACK ART.

A Magician on Modern and Old-Time Magic.

The Best Tricks Are Those Requiring the Least Apparatus—Some Amusing and Mystifying Performances.

"Very few additions of importance have been made to the repertory of the professional magician within recent years," said an expert in prestidigitation to a Washington Star reporter. "The new tricks all require elaborate mechanical contrivances. It may be that they draw the public for awhile, but they do not furnish lasting attractions. Take the 'vanishing lady,' for example. In its way it was a wonderful thing, and the mechanism necessary was elaborate and costly; but every one knew that the woman must necessarily disappear through a trap in the stage, and the only mystery lay in the cleverness with which the feat was accomplished. Here was no illusion, properly speaking, nor anything to excite wonder. A trick, to be really worth anything, must be seemingly a miracle, inexplicable to the mind of the spectator.

"The best tricks are those requiring the least apparatus. No feat of magic ever attempted on the stage has created a more profound sensation than did the famous 'sphinx' when it first appeared in Europe. Even the scientific men went wild over it. It was the first thing of its kind ever seen, and for a long time no one suspected that the body to which the talking head belonged was concealed behind two mirrors that stood at an angle with each other beneath the table. The extreme simplicity of the means used for deceiving was the most effective point. But the performer is most successful when he employs for the purposes of legerdemain everyday articles, such as people are accustomed to. Audiences are always entertained to see rabbits, guinea pigs and other articles taken offhand out of the hat of the fat gentleman who has been so imprudent as to take a front seat near the middle aisle.

"This sort of trick is much more simple and easily performed than you may suppose. I descend from the stage and borrow a silk hat from any gentleman who will give me one. The first things to be taken from the hat are already concealed on the inside of my coat. As I turn and regain the stage, with my back for a moment to the spectators, I quickly drop these articles into the hat. Then I face the audience once more and draw the things out one by one, exhibiting much surprise. Some live animal may come first, because it is desirable to dispose of that as quickly as possible. Next, perchance, I pull out a wig, which always excites a roar of laughter. The other articles to be brought forth have been previously done up in many compact little bundles. Sometimes a single small package contains a quantity of hen feathers so tightly done up that when they are shaken out there seems to be enough of them to fill a mattress. Each bundle is so fixed that its wrapping can be disengaged in a second.

"Having pulled out of the hat all the things which have been previously taken from under my coat and put into it, I go to a shelf under pretense of brushing the tile, and incidentally slip a number of other articles into it. Then I come down toward the audience as if for the purpose of returning the borrowed stovepipe, but suddenly pause and begin to draw out of it many things several times the size of the hat, such as bird-cages, trunks, and so forth, all of which are so made that they close up in very small compass. The springs that hold them in shape are released as each one is taken out. Of course, a trick like this requires a great deal of practice and skill, but its effectiveness is almost wholly due to the fact that it is performed with so commonplace an object as a borrowed silk hat. Perform a seeming miracle with a broom, a brick, or anything else that is exceedingly commonplace and familiar and your feat excites a good deal more wonderment than if it were accompanied with an elaborate mechanical contrivance. When the mechanical magicians turned their rods into snakes they knew that Pharaoh's magicians-sticks would impress most strongly the minds of observers."

A Substitute for Steel.

An odd cargo of a fiber, tough as steel vegetable itself, is being landed in Philadelphia from the Italian bark Nuova Mondo. The vessel brought two thousand two hundred and thirty-six bales of it from Oran, a seaport in the Algerian Mediterranean sea. The fiber has been found to be so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture back and seats. It is expansible and so easily affected by heat that temperatures in its dry state bandage bales are held in place by bands of heavy steel. The peculiarity of the grass is that it thrives only around the volcanic mountian slopes of Oran and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves. The latter are always in a semi-active state, and the earth around is so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or is ever seen to grow except this steel-like plant. When dry and flattened out it will pierce a body like an arrow.

A Peculiar Bequest.

An eccentric French lady named Cabouret has left a fortune of $1,600,000 to any Frenchman who may succeed in organizing a caravan of 500 of his compatriots and penetrating farther than anyone has ever done before into the wilds of Africa. The caravan may contain a larger number of persons, but, whether it does or not, one-half of its entire number must be brought back safe and sound to France. The will is to be disputed by her relatives. A Toulouse correspondent says the testator was a fervent admirer of Cardinal Lavigerie, and thought that the best way to kill the slave trade was to make Africa well known.

CRIME IN GREENLAND.

A Country Without an Executioner, Where Murder Goes Unpunished.

A good deal was learned about the natives of Greenland on the second visit of the members of the Kite expedition to Godhaven. Though supposed to be Christians—in the church sense—they have not that obedience to the creed that would be necessary to qualify them for church membership in America. The doctrine of original sin they decline absolutely to accept, and they refuse also to believe in a hell—not surprising, considering the temperature of Greenland. Gov. Carstens imparted this information about original sin in horrible tones. He was scandalized when he learned that of the party to whom he was speaking not one believed in it either.

Sun and moon and Great Spirit are the trinity they worship. Not far from Godhaven is a cave where no Esquimaux passes without throwing in some article, even if it is only a hunk of blubber, to appease the Great Spirit. It was suggested that this would be the place for the expedition to acquire relics if the cave could be found.

In former years the Esquimaux buried with their dead the kayak and spear if the deceased were a man, and the household implements if a woman. Utilitarian ideas probably did away with this waste of personal property.

At the present time the Esquimaux go to the Danish churches for the benefit of the music and singing, which they greatly enjoy. In religion, as in everything else, they appear to prefer to be governed by their own traditions.

Mr. Carstens said that in Greenland there is really no law, and it is impossible to inflict any punishment, except small fines or minor deprivations. If one Esquimau killed another, or if a member of the Kite expedition slaughtered a native or fellow-member ashore, the Danish government would be helpless.

Three murders are on record in Greenland. A wicked Esquimau, in his kayak, overtook an oomiak, or big sea barge, manned by women, and wickedly cut a big hole in the bottom, drowning the nine occupants. Nothing could be done about it. His fellow-Esquimaux took no action with a view to getting even, and he is going around just the same without much of a blemish on his record.

"You could find him in Omenak Froid," said Mr. Carstens. "If any of you gentlemen care to hunt him up you can shoot him if you like. He will deserve it. Greenland has no executioner. The inspector can't go around hanging people. Neither the governor nor myself wants the job. No Esquimau could be induced to do it." Mr. Carstens had noted Dr. Keely's anxiety to get an Esquimau skeleton, and especially urged this job on him.

The second murder was one of infanticide. The third was the killing of an insane girl. The young woman was quite obstreperous, and the Esquimaux held a meeting and decided that they wouldn't stand it any longer. The doctor had given them some carbolized oil for external application only. They administered a teaspoonful to the girl, and she became crazier than ever. When she subsided, they decided that she must be dead, and so they buried her. When the doctor looked into the matter he declared that she had been buried alive. Nothing was done about it.—Boston Herald.

HE GAVE NOTHING AWAY.

Except Advice to a Disinterested Young Man.

A young man who had been paying devoted attention to a rich banker's daughter, interviewed her father on the subject. After a few preliminary remarks, he said:

"I love your daughter, sir, and want to marry her."

"Ah!" looking is that so?" replied the father, "I'm at him sharply over his glasses. sir, not surprised at it. She is a good girl."

"Yes, sir; and it was her goodness which won me from the first."

"Ahem, yes. I've heard you had some very extravagant habits, and some of them as bad as they were extravagant."

"I've not been a saint, sir; but when I'm married and brought under the tender influence of a good and loving woman, I shall reform."

"I'm glad to hear that. It would be unpleasant for your wife if you did not. Are you aware, sir, that when I give you my daughter I give with her a little marriage portion of £50,000?"

"I was not aware of that, sir, but it would make no difference to me. Pecuniary considerations do not enter into my calculations at all."

"No?"

"No, sir; love is of far more importance. It is a wife, not a bank account, I am looking for. Money is trash, sir."

"Don't give yourself away, young man; don't give yourself away. I said when I gave you my daughter, I'd give you the money; but, you see, I'm not going to give you my daughter, and that alters the aspect of affairs very materially. Good day. Call round after you've been reformed."—London Tid-Bits.

More Valuable Than Gold.

The phrase "worth its weight in gold," no longer expresses the idea which it was intended to convey. For there are at least twenty substances worth more than gold. Berylium, for instance, is worth about ten times its weight in pure gold, and venadium is five times as costly as the precious metal. Iridium, also, is more than twice as costly as gold. The text-books used to say that platinum was the only metal more valuable than gold, but it now costs about the same.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Good Ground for Suspicion.—Customer—"I bought this three-carat stone yesterday and doubt that it is a genuine diamond." Jeweler—"What did it cost you?" Customer—"Seventy-five cents."

—A Dull Season at Newport.—Drummer—"How was business this summer?" Newport Jeweler—"Wretchedly dull. Not a man here bought half a dozen engagement rings."

EPILEPTIC FITS CURED.

A SPECIFIC DISCOVERED AT LAST.

For years a cure for Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Hysteria, and other fits has been sought. It is now conceded that the long needed remedy has been found in Dr. Greene's Nervura, which has, by curing thousands of cases, proved that it is an absolute specific for these terrible nervous complaints. Purely vegetable and harmless, sold by druggists, $1.00

"My son had been troubled with fits for the past ten years. He has had as many as ten in one day. Before I had used one bottle of Dr. Greene's Nervura I could see a marked improvement in his nervous system. The fits did not occur so often and were not so severe, and his general health seemed better. I continued the Nervura, and it effected a permanent cure.

MRS. W. O. HITCHCOCK,
85 Maple St., Jersey City, N. S."

"My son had been troubled with epilepsy, loss of appetite and had no ambition to do anything. He took Dr. Greene's Nervura. It made him a new boy. The fits have left him, his whole system is built up anew, and he is enjoying perfect health. It is the best medicine I ever used, and has no equal. MR. W. SCHUM,
1072 First Ave., New York City."

"My boy was vervous and had 4 or 5 fits every day. After using Dr. Greene's medicine three weeks he began to get well and has had no fits since. Ten doctors gave him up as incurable. The doctors and my neighbors can hardly believe their eyes when they see my boy all strong and well.

MRS. EMMA SWEENEY,
13 Ballard St., Fall River, Mass."

N. B. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases; 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned free.

WEALTH—Is something which most people seek, and which but few are indifferent to no matter in what form it presents itself. The word "pecunary," which is often used in speaking of a man's riches, comes from the Latin word *pecus*, which means *cattle*, and shows that formerly a man's wealth was reckoned by the cattle he possessed. Abraham is said to have been "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." But no matter in what a man's riches may consist, it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, unless in connection therewith he has health. "The first wealth is health," and we have no doubt if he had known the virtues of S. S. that he would have recomended its use to all persons suffering from the diseases for which it is recommended.

Swift Sphcific Co., Atlanta. Ga.

The people's remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup Influenza, Whooping Cough Incipient Consumption, is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable. Price 25 cts.

To promptly and permanently cure rheumatism or neuralgia use Salvation Oil. price 25 cents.

"Why, now I cannot get enough to eat" says one lady who formerly had no appetite but took Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affection caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at C. M. Parrish Drugstore.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by any other remedy.
Ask your druggist for Swayna's Ointment. s24-1y

I WAS A FOOL.

Yes, they said I was a fool not to try Sulphur Bitters for rheumatism, from which I had suffered over two years; but I had tried so many doctors and medicines without getting relief that I was discouraged. I am now on my fourth bottle and almost cured. I was a fool that I didn't try that wonderful remedy before—*C. G. Pratt, Manchester, N. H.*

Serious Danger.

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Consitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

Vote of Centre County for 1891

Districts.	Audit'r Gener'l		State Treas		Con. Conven		Con. Con. Delegates			Jury Commr	
	Gregg	Wright	Morrison	Tilden	For	Against	Kress, R.	Orvis D.	Bigler, D.	Aley, R.	Bower, D.
Bellefonte N. W	192	105	191	104	35	261	179	108	99	184	98
" S. W	101	147	101	148	47	181	91	149	145	95	145
" W. W	66	42	64	42	25	75	54	57	40	63	40
Milesburg	78	27	77	28	28	73	69	28	29	71	30
Millheim	33	91	34	91	52	71	30	92	92	35	85
Centre Hall	21	72	21	72	13	75	12	67	67	18	70
Howard	98	37	98	37	5	124	88	37	37	94	37
Philipsburg, 1st W	95	48	95	48	29	118	92	47	48	95	46
" 2d W	90	68	90	68	29	118	89	69	69	86	69
" 3d W	83	63	83	63	69	75	80	60	60	81	61
Unionville	47	20	47	18	21	48	45	19	19	46	18
Benner twp	89	100	89	100	29	106	33	93	93	35	100
Boggs " W. P	90	61	85	68	63	78	81	61	61	86	64
" " E. P	28	40	27	41	40	24	24	40	40	26	41
" " N. P	29	18	29	18	48	6	26	20	20	25	29
Burnside twp	31	18	31	18	31	17	31	17	17	31	18
College " E. P	116	69	115	70	10	178	110	68	68	107	63
" " W. P	56	46	6	46	56	61	51	43	43	49	43
Curtin "	22	21	21	22	27	15	23	17	17	24	15
Ferguson " W. P	62	46	62	6	85	4	43	46	45	47	47
" " E. P	53	134	55	137	121	64	46	137	137	54	137
Howard twp	88	43	88	46	8	117	81	46	46	88	46
Gregg " N. P	3	57	3	58	1	34	1	55	55	3	58
" " S. P	73	179	72	181	18	225	69	183	184	70	108
Haines " W P	60	13	60	113	16	152	53	113	113	57	113
" E. P	37	97	37	98	1	131	32	98	98	39	95
Half Moon twp	77	28	78	30	20	72	66	29	29	7	29
Harris "	48	123	60	121	69	98	55	116	117	86	124
Huston "	66	45	63	46	42	76	61	4	4	63	4
Liberty "	97	62	16	62	32	92	85	60	60	92	59
Marion "	28	75	32	71	55	47	31	69	69	41	60
Miles "	50	243	50	243	46	221	42	23	234	48	240
Patton "	77	49	77	49	31	94	75	48	48	76	51
Penn "	22	156	22	156	13	162		151	151	33	123
Potter " N. P	2	87	24	87	35	76	18	91	92	22	91
" S P	38	145	37	147	11	16	3	145	145	36	147
Rush " N. P	63	87	66	87	85	62	61	85	85	61	87
Rush " S P	32	38	32	39	49	20	32	38	38	31	39
Snow Shoe " E P	63	67	63	66	46	76	2	66	66	62	66
" W P	28	44	27	45	20	23	26	43	43	26	46
Spring " S P	92	83	92	83	37	135	86	84	84	90	82
" W P	35	44	35	44	10	61	29	46	45		
" N P	43	44	53	44	16	73	46	43	43	48	44
Taylor "	34	24	34	24	36	11	33	24	24	33	24
Union "	70	46	65	51	45	65	6	48	48	66	48
Walker "	46	12	46	154	18	19	41	151	151	44	152
Worth "	63	36	63	36	22	41	61	34	34	60	37
Totals											
Majorities											

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—A small box filled with lime and placed on the shelf of the pantry or closet will absorb dampness and keep the air dry and sweet.

—Wafers: One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one or two eggs, one-third cupful of milk, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda; as little flour as possible. Flavor with vanilla. Cut in rounds.—Good Housekeeping.

—Frozen Oranges: Pare one dozen sweet Florida oranges. With a sharp knife cut the fruit in thin slices, beginning at the stem end. Sprinkle over these one cupful of sugar. Put in the freezer and keep packed in salt and ice two hours.—Detroit Free Press.

—When cane chair seats have become limp and stretched so that they sink in the center, but are entirely unbroken, simply wash them well with hot water and place the chair in a strong draft. This will cause the seat to tighten up so effectually that it will be stretched quite flat when dry. It may then be further stiffened with a coat of varnish.—N. Y. World.

—Cocoanut Cream Candy: Take one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, and the milk from a cocoanut. Mix together, and heat slowly until sugar is melted; then boil for five minutes. When boiled, add one cocoanut, finely grated, and boil for ten minutes longer, stirring constantly to keep it from burning. When done, pour on buttered plates and cut into squares. This will take about two days to harden.—Ladies' Home Journal.

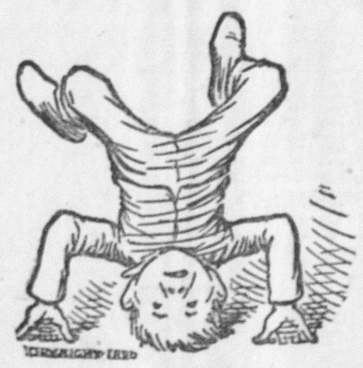
—One of the best remedies for fleas in or about a house is Persian insect powder used freely in their habitations. There is a great deal of difference in the varieties of this pyrethrum powder, which, if pure and unadulterated, is a certain remedy against all varieties of insects. Buy it of a trustworthy druggist in bulk. It costs about seventy-five cents or one dollar a pound retail, but it is so light that a quarter of a pound is a large quantity.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Saratoga Biscuits: Heat a pint of new milk over the fire and when hot enough to melt butter remove; add butter the size of a walnut, three beaten eggs, three tablespoonsful good yeast, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Let them rise in a warm place for two or three hours. Make up into small biscuit of bun-shaped cakes, lay close together on a well buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.—Old Homestead.

—Jenny Lind Cake: Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, whites of six eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into flour. Bake about two-thirds of the batter in two long tins for layer cakes. To the remainder of the mixture add one-half cupful of chopped raisins, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, a little nutmeg and all-spice and a little more of flour. Bake in a long tin same size as the others. Put the three layers together with a frosting or boiled icing with the fruit cake in the center.—Housekeeper.

—A Plain Rabbit Pie: Skin and wash a fine large rabbit, cut it into joints and divide the head, then place it in warm water to soak until thoroughly clean, drain it on a sieve, or wipe with a clean cloth; season it with pepper and salt, a sprig of parsley chopped fine; cut three-quarters of a pound of quite fat bacon into small pieces; dredge the rabbit with flour and place it with the bacon in a pie dish; pour in a small cupful of water, or stock if you have it; put a paste border round the edges of the dish, and cover it with puff paste about half an inch thick; ornament and glaze the top, make a hole in the center and bake it.—Boston Herald.

—A silver shekel has been found in Galveston of the time of Simon Maccabeus, who lived 142 years before the beginning of the Christian era, and consequently is 2,033 years old. The coin is estimated by competent judges to be worth for its numismatic value $5,000, while the intrinsic value of the silver it contains does not exceed 51 or 52 cents



It isn't the usual way

—it's just the reverse—to pay a patient when you can't cure him. Nevertheless, that's what's done by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you $500 if they can't cure your catarrh, no matter how bad the case. It isn't mere talk—it's business. You can satisfy yourself of it, if you're interested. And you ought to be, if you have catarrh. It's faith in their medicine that's behind the offer. It has cured thousands of the worst cases, where everything else failed. You can be cured, too. If you can't, you get the money. They're willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

It's the *cheapest* medicine you can buy, because it's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get. Can you ask more?

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

MY FAMILY DOCTOR

For the last two years has been Sulphur Bitters, and until I began using them in my family, we had more or less sickness, and our doctor's bill has been very large. Since we began their use, we have had no doctor to pay, and three dollars invested in Sulphur Bitters has kept health in our family.—*E. Knott, Postmaster, Waverly Iowa.*

CATARRH IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results. W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

How to Grow Cabbage, Celery and Cauliflower, a manual worth its weight in gold to any gardener or trucker, will be mailed for 20 cent, in silver or stamps, by Isaac F. Tillinghast, La Plume, Pa.

What is it makes George Edmunds so cool and placid, and how does he do such deep thinking? It is because he never allows himself to be harassed with colds. He takes Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, he does. Sold everywhere for 25 cents.

Dealers say they can't sell any other liniment since the introduction of Salvation Oil.

Robbers and Thieves.

Are always afraid of a house when there is a gun in it, so if you want to keep this class of people away from you, "Get a Gun" and protect yourself and family, beside having some pleasure in hunting. The best place to get those is at W. S. Brown's 450 and 522 Wood Street Pittsburgh, Pa., who has the largest and most complete stock in Western Penn'a, of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle and all kinds of sporting goods; Scissors, Razors, Knives and Table Cutlery, also grinding of all kinds at

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We will pay $900 SALARY and Commission to Men and Women Teachers and Clergymen to sell our NEW POPULAR STANDARD WORK

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No finer book published. Over 350 choice engravings. 10,500 copies sold in one week. Endorsed by the greatest men of the country. This is no humbug offer.

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HANDSOME OUTFIT mailed on receipt of 60 cents. Agents wanted everywhere. Very liberal pay. Send for outfit and commence work at once. One lady agent writes: "I make over $5.00 every afternoon I go out. I do all my housework in the morning. I will have a snug bank account by Christmas."
Address HENRY NEIL, 44 E. 14th St., n12 6t New York City.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte on Saturday, Nov. 28th 1891 at 1 o'clock a. m. the following described real estate.

All that certain tract of land situated in the Borough of Millheim, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, thence along land of Daniel A. Musser South 73½° w 2.7 per to a stone, thence along land of same and turnpike North 19° w 26.3 per to a stone, thence along land of Geo. Peters North 70° E 14.1 per to a stone thence by land of same South 19° E .7 per to stone, thence by same North 68½° E 7.8 per to stone, thence by land of J. Philip Gephart South 19° E 28.1 per to place of beginning. Thereon erected two two story frame dwelling houses, stable and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Alten with notice to John Alters true tenant.

TERMS:—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid or arranged for, in full.

W. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.
Shiriff's Office, Nov. 5 1891.

WANTED—DO YOU WANT TO MAKE $50 dollars per week at home? Mrs Smith th sent six dollars to Alfred Coles for a Box Lounge and allowed him to send people who answer his advertisement to see her Lounge for which he gave a commission which averaged Fifty Dollars per week. If you will do the same in your district, send for terms to Alfred Coles, 446 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn N Y.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

A. C. MOORE AGENT.

—POST OFFICES:—

Milesburg and Bellefonte, Penna.
ja7-d&w-6m.

Seines, Tents, Nets and Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns choke bored $8 to $50. Single Breech Loading Shot Guns, $4 to $25; Breech Loading and Repeating Rifles, $3 to $50; Muzzle-Loading Double shot Guns, $5 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers $3 to $20; Double Action Self Cockers, $2.50 to $10; All kinds of Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Powder, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Primers, send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun Works, 706 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa. August 21st

PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
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EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:
Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE.
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Naurright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM USE HEISKELL'S OINTMENT

is proved infallible in every case, from simple eruption to obstinate eczema. Is also unequaled for PILES. 50 CTS. per box.

Send for "Hints for Sickroom," a handy book for the household.

MYSTIC CURE

FOR

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. CURES IN A DAY

A New and Wonderful Discovery

which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.

Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.

Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

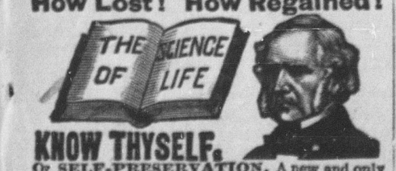
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

MANHOOD!

How Lost! How Regained!



KNOW THYSELF.

Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS of YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all DISEASES and WEAKNESSES of MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only $1.00 by mail, double sealed. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements of the Press and voluntary testimonials of the cured. FREE! SEND NOW.

Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted.)

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. 330-1y.

A PROBABLE FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Last Saturday night a Hungarian wedding was celebrated at Allport, Clearfield county. The supply of liquor became low and three men, Andrew, Isaac and John Campbell, went to Morrisdale Mines, three miles north of Philipsburg, for more. At one hotel they were refused and then went to the one kept by Patrick Flynn. He locked the doors, but the lock was broken and John Campbell walked up to the bar and demanded some beer. He was told to leave the house, but did not do so. Flynn reached under the counter and procured his revolver, cocked it and putting it close to Campbell's face, pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to explode. At the third attempt it did go off inflicting a slight wound on John Campbell's forehead. In the melee which followed Andrew Campbell got Flynn down and two more pistol shots followed. Andy's head dropped forward, the blood flowing profusely from the wound. The injured man was removed and Flynn disappeared On Sunday afternoon, however, he went to Clearfield and gave himself up. He claims he did not fire the shots that wounded Campbell. He was taken to jail to await the result of the wounds. One bullet grazed the side of Campbell's head, while the other entered the neck just under the lobe of the right ear and passing around, lodged in the spinal column at the base of the brain.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. S. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. ☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

REMOVED.

Let all our patrons and friends and the business public in general take notice that the business office of the DAILY NEWS and *Bellefonte Republican* has been removed from the second floor of the Haupt building, opposite the Bush House, to the first floor of the same building.

14 MONTHS IN BED

"Mrs. KELLY requests me to write you in regard to what S. S. S. has done for her son, who has been sick so long with an abscess. She had two physicians, and they did everything for him that they could and he didn't improve. For fourteen months and five days he was in bed and not dressed. Some one recomended your S. S. S., and after he had taken two or three bottles he began to improve. He continued until he had taken eleven bottles, and to-day he is as well as ever. The boy is fourteen years old, and Mrs Kelly lives next door to me, and I am well acquainted with the facts of the case." C. W. HODGKISS, Postmaser, East Lamoine Maine. Swift's Specific has a wonderful effect on children and young people. It should be given to every child who has any blood trouble or blood taint. It drives out the poison and poisonous germs, and enables nature to develop the child. Our treatise on the blood and skin will be mailed free to all applicants.

Swift Specifice Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

DEDICATION.

The new Evangelical church on Willow Bank street, in this place, will be dedicated Sunday, November 22nd. Bishop Haman, of Reading, Pa., will officiate. Rev. J. Hartzler, Presiding Elder, of Lewisburg, and Rev. L. W. Seibert, of Newport, Pa., and other prominent ministers are expected to be present and take part in the services.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelpha. s 24-1 y

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for your yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish. Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00

—The mugwumps of Massachusetts voted at the late election for the democratic candidate for governor on the pretext that they are in favor of tariff reform which will bring them more free raw material. Judging from the result of the election it appears to us that the old Bay State now contains more free raw material than is being utilized for the benefit of the common good of a common people.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

PIANOS

Catalogue showing pictures of our Pianos and telling about them MAILED FREE. Our patent SOFT STOP saves wear, making the Piano more durable, and stopping the annoying noise of practising.

We take OLD PIANOS in EXCHANGE, sell on EASY PAYMENTS, and send Pianos ON APPROVAL to be returned at our expense for railway freights if not perfectly satisfactory, even though you live 3000 miles away. Write us.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont St. Boston.

NEW MUSIC BOOK.

By Professor CHARLES F. ESCHER.

OUR HEARTS' DELIGHT; or Sweet Melodies of the Past and Present,

being a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work contains best and most popular selections of the renowned composers of this and foreign countries. **32 full-page lithograph portraits of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers. A large number of interesting biographies.** About 500 pages. **Size 10 x 12 inches.** Durably bound in cloth, stamped with appropriate design. This work is especially intended for musicians who desire **a variety of choice pieces.** Contains plenty for the beginner. One of the best known orchestra leaders in this country, writes **"Hearts' Delight is the best book of its kind I ever saw." Complete book, $2.00, postpaid. AGENTS WANTED. Big profit. Goods on 30 days' credit. Secure territory at once.** For special terms, etc., address,

D. J. SMITH & CO., 234-236 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
(Reference—Dun's or Bradstreet's Agencies.)

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of *5/A Horse Blanket* is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it *hasn't the warp threads*, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that *5/A Horse Blankets* are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the 5/A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

Ask for 5/A Five Mile, Boss, Electric, Extra Test, Baker

HORSE BLANKETS

ARE THE STRONGEST.

100 5/A STYLES

at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us. Ask for the 5/A Book. You can get it without charge.

WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

WINDSEYS' BLOOD SEARCHER

Good Blood, Good Health.

The Blood Searcher is the safest Purifier ever known. Best Tonic. Cures Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Ulcers, Black Heads, and all bad Blood. Sold by Druggists.

The Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Nothing On Earth Will

MAKE HENS LAY,

LIKE

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Recommended as the Best. IX

LE MARS, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

F. BORNHORST.

Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cadyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GLENNVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1890.

I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. HANCE.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

A Hole Nearly Four Thousand Feet Deep

Over Three Years Consumed in Sinking It—Said to Be the Deepest Well in the World Yet It Gives No Water.

Perhaps not a hundred St. Louisans are aware of the fact that their city is famous the world over among geologists and scientists as having the deepest well ever sunk. It is known as the "fools'" well and is located at the city insane asylum, in the southwestern portion of the city. It was ordered to be sunk by the county court in 1866, before the separation of the city and county, with the view of obtaining a supply of water for the institution, then in course of construction. Work was commenced on it March 31, 1866, and was steadily pushed forward month after month and year after year for the space of three years, five months and fifteen days, says the St. Louis Republic, when, the drill striking a ledge of granite that continued to hold out after a penetration of 40 feet, the work was abandoned at a depth of 3,843 1-5 feet.

Various strata of rock and earth were penetrated in the descent, and at 1,700 feet granite was struck, which should have precluded any hope of ever striking water, as it is a well-known geological fact that water does not exist below the granite.

A stream of water was struck at a depth of 1,220 feet which rose to within 127 feet of the surface, but no farther, as there seemed to be some lateral outlet for the water. From 1,448 to 1,586 feet below the surface sulphur water was drawn, strongly impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen gas. A little distance below this a vein of saline water was discovered of a bluish cast and containing 7 per cent. of salt. As no tubing was used in the well the water from these various streams continued to flow in during the boring, but, as stated, never raised the water nearer than 127 feet of the surface.

At a depth of some 3,200 feet a stratum of rock known as the Potsdam sandstone of the lowest silurian system was struck, and in penetrating it the drill unfortunately stuck and was broken off. This for a time was regarded as putting an end to further boring, but the ingenious engineer, after a week or two of meditation, devised a contrivance that successfully removed the broken drill. A new difficulty soon presented itself, however, that still more seriously threatened to prevent further progress. It was found that while the drills were made of the very best steel, the weight of the iron bars extending down from the engine to which the drill was attached was so excessive that a drop of even one foot was powerful enough to batter the point of the drill and consequently prevent any headway being attained. Again, however, the ingenuity of the engineer solved the problem. He reasoned that the well being nearly full of water the substitution of wooden poles for the iron rods to which the drill was attached would not only lesson the weight, but the wood would act as a float in the water and furnish the necessary resistance to overcome any excessive weight. He accordingly procured stout poles 33 1-3 feet in length, furnished with solid screw joints, and on testing the experiment was rewarded with success. The work continued to the depth stated, when it was abandoned by order of the court as an unprofitable job.

This depth of 3,843 1-5 feet, compared with the next deepest well in the world, that located at Pesth, which is 3,182 feet, shows a difference in favor of the St. Louis well of 661 1-5 feet.

The next in depth of St. Louis wells is known as the Belcher well, located at the Belcher sugar refinery. It was commenced in the spring of 1849 and prosecuted at intervals till March, 1855, when steady work was commenced and maintained for thirty-three months, and a flowing vein was struck at a depth of 2,197 feet. While the vein was found to be strong enough to discharge seventy-five gallons per minute and raise the water seventy-five feet above the surface, it was so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to be unfit for the purposes of the refinery. The water was discovered to contain medical virtues, and to this day is quite a popular drink with St. Louisans. This well is exceeded in depth by the one at Pesth, heretofore mentioned, the La Chapelle well of Paris, which has a depth of 2,950 feet.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the Chinese and Egyptians were early acquainted with artesian wells, and that the oldest known one in Europe is at Lilliers, in Artois, whence the name artesian is derived. This well was sunk in 1126, but there is no record as to its depth. The Grenelle well of Paris, while having a depth of only 1,700 feet, is the most famous well of Europe on account of its wonderful flow of water. It is estimated to yield 516 gallons of water a minute and raise it thirty-two feet above the surface.

Owing to the improved machinery used in driving artesian wells in the last few years they are becoming quite common, but they rarely exceed a depth of 2,000 feet, and usually range from 500 to 800 feet. Louisville has one well of a depth of 2,086 feet, and Chicago has several ranging from 700 to 1,200 feet. Galveston is just now engaged in sinking a well that gives promise of attaining some celebrity. A Milwaukee firm has a contract at the sum of $75,000, and it has already attained a depth of 3,000 feet without having found water.

A Big Mule.

Marshall, Mo., is a great place for donkeys and their kindred. Besides selling thirteen thousand mules every year there has been raised in the vicinity a mule which is eight years old and twenty hands high. A mule six feet and eight inches high is such a curiosity that they are taking it around to all the county fairs and exhibiting it as a sort of a side show, and the gate money in a single day sometimes amounts to one hundred dollars.

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

A FINE PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY

FINZER'S Old Honesty COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO

AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT AND IS KNOWN AS A

Standard Brand

AMONG DEALERS THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL IN COMBINATION WITH Extract of Malt, and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, (Lime and Soda,) A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated. Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is

THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.

Ask your Druggist for it. AND TAKE NO OTHER. MAGEE EMULSION CO., Manf'rs, LAWRENCE, MASS. TORONTO, CANADA.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK 400 Wonderful Pictures. Sales Immense. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Big pay. 30 Day's Credit. No Capital Needed. Also send 9 Agents' Addresses and receive FREE To YOU, Talmage's favorite Picture of Christ, in Oil Colors. Address, HISTORICAL PUB. CO. Phila. Pa.

We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. *Use it and pay if satisfied.* Address, VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song,
"What brave things shall I do
With the strength of my wealth and the joyous throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true!"

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life's broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail spies he.

"My ship has gone down!" in soberer strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain,
And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And gazing out on the deep—behold,
A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she flies, no songs are borne
From her decks as she nears the land;
Silent with sail all somber and torn
She is safe at last by the strand.

And lo! To the man's old age she has brought
Not the treasures he thought to win,
But honor, content and love—life-wrought,
And he cries: "Has my ship come in!"
—M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jun., in Harper's Weekly.

IN THE SMALLEY SET.

The Ambition of a Life and How it Was Realized.

Very few of the women in Pottstown could have told you, if suddenly questioned, what were their aims in life. They tried from day to day and hour to hour to their duty to husband, children, home and the church.

But Mrs. Loper had one ambition, one clearly defined purpose. It was to be admitted to the Smalley set. She probably never put this desire into words, even to herself, but it dominated her life.

Now the Smalley clique did not by any means comprise the most scholarly or refined or best bred, nor even the wealthiest, people in Pottstown. Their claim to social distinction was based solely upon the fact that they had lived in Pottstown longer than their neighbors. Outsiders wondered why anybody should stay in the little smoky mill town who could get out of it. But these people, simply because they had lived for three generations in its smoke and grime, held themselves haughtily aloof from later comers, whom they regarded very much as the nobles of Saint Germain did the canaille of Bonaparte's day.

Mrs. Loper was a newcomer. She was descended from a good old revolutionary family. Her husband was a lawyer of ability; his eloquence had gained him a reputation throughout the state. He was a man of integrity, of much distinction in manner and character; he was able to support his wife in comfort, even luxury. But Mrs. Loper, coming to live in Pottstown a few years after her marriage, felt herself to be one of the canaille.

Mrs. Smalley did not call upon her.

There were many other women in the town outside of this exclusive circle. Mrs. Judge Pierce, the stately old lady in the great house on the hill, had quietly withdrawn from it. She looked with cold disapproval upon Mrs. Smalley and her fast, foolish coterie. The Langdons gathered a musical, literary group about them and keenly enjoyed their social life. There were many earnest, devout people, too, who were wholly occupied with charitable and religious work, and never spent a thought on their fashionable neighbors.

Mrs. Loper knew that she could find congenial companions among any of these people—in her secret soul she sneered at little Mrs. Smalley's ignorance and vulgar pretensions—but she was wretched as long as that arbiter of society in Pottstown did not call nor invite her to her receptions.

For, although the Smalley set was pretentious and under bred, it was acknowledged to be the *haut ton* of Pottstown. If you had a card to Mrs. Smalley's receptions, you belonged to "society." If your house stood upon the hill on which she and her friends lived, it was worth several thousands more than if it was in a pleasant quarter. (Of course it is only in Pottstown that this absurd condition of affairs exists in this country).

Mrs. Smalley appreciated to the full the power which circumstances had placed in her hands. Her favor was not easily won. Years passed and she had not yet recognized Mrs. Loper's presence in the town. In that time Sarah Loper, who had much strength of character, would have accepted and submitted to any other misfortune—blindness or a lame leg, for example. She would not submit to social ostracism.

"I must visit in the best society or not at all," she told her husband.

She worked her way into a charitable organization in order that she might meet Mrs. Smalley on the committees. Next, she gave up the pew which they occupied in the old church and took a costly one in the new edifice in which most of the Brahmin caste were members.

Now, her husband protested vehemently.

"I am deeply attached to old Dr. Malling," he said. "He helps my soul on its way to Heaven. As for this flighty boy in the new church, I cannot hear him with patience; he is shallow and inexperienced. I will not promise to go with you, Sarah."

Mrs. Loper was daunted, but only for a moment. The prize was so great for which she played. To gain it Mr. Loper might submit to be bored for an hour on Sundays, surely.

She took the pew and contributed largely to all church expenses. When after a month or two, some of the exclusive set called upon her, her triumph was so great that she scarcely noticed that her husband remained at home on Sundays and by degrees became indifferent to all church work. When they were first married they formed the habit of studying a chapter in the Bible together every morning. But Mrs. Loper's time was so occupied now with her social duties that she neglected it. At first, when she saw her husband sitting [illegible] his Bible gave [illegible]h of pain, but after a few weeks he, too, gave up the habit.

In other ways their lives were affected by her new ambition. They had nourished high hopes for their children, and made many anxious plans to insure them sound health, sane, strong minds and noble characters. When Bob was but a year old they had begun to examine into the claims of different colleges. While Nelly was a baby on her breast Mrs. Loper had dreamed out her future as a helpful Christian wife and mother.

Her aims for the children were changed now. Bob was kept away from school to practice a part in tableaux and private theatricals, in which he appeared in a Directoire costume of velvet and lace. Nelly soon learned that the object of her life was to dance, to sing, to appear in pretty new gowns, to make herself conspicuous among the other children, in the hope that Irene Smalley would invite her to her Christmas ball.

Their father made a feeble protest.

"Our whole motive of life is changed, Sarah," he said. "The minds of the children are filled with trifles. Our home life is gone, and instead there is a constant buzz and tumult about dress and balls or some other folly."

"I do not consider the social position of my children a trifle or folly," she replied, sharply.

"I only know," he answered, "that you once hoped to fit them to be God's servants in this world and the next. Now your highest hope is to fit them for the Smalley set."

She did not reply. The subject was never broached between them again. Mr. Loper's death a year later left her a wealthy widow with no restraint upon her social ambition. She succeeded in gaining a foothold in the fashionable circle. It was not secure, and she was perpetually forced to curry their favor by mean little arts for which she despised herself. Bob, much to her delight, became the intimate friend of Jem Smalley. It was whispered in Pottstown that Smalley was corrupting the boy, and would make him as profligate as himself. But his mother, when she saw her boy driving or riding with the leader of fashion, did not ask what lesson of life he was learning from him.

Nelly gave her mother many a heartache. She had formed an attachment to a poor young clerk who had no capital but industry and energy. When Dr. Soames began to pay her attention, her mother compelled her to encourage him.

"He is old enough to be my grandfather," the girl protested. "He has been a life-long drunkard. I cannot even respect him and—I love another man, mother."

"He has reformed," urged Mrs. Loper. "You ought to respect him. He is Mrs. Smalley's cousin. He can give you as good a position as hers in Pottstown. As for your fancy of love, every girl has some such silly affair before she takes up life in earnest."

Nelly was timid and weak. She yielded and married a man whom at heart she despised.

A few months after her marriage Mrs. Loper became seriously ill. Death came slowly to her, so slowly that she had time to look back at her life and judge coolly of the value of her successes.

Her son would look in sometimes at her for a moment with a bloated face and red eyes, bid her "cheer up," and vanish to be seen no more for a day or two.

"He does not waste a minute on his dying mother," she moaned once. "Where is he going, Nelly?"

"To the races, I believe. He and Smalley own a horse together."

A faint smile crossed Mrs. Loper's gaunt face. "Bob keeps good company," she murmured. Then she scanned Nelly's thin face and painted cheeks and heavy, hopeless eyes. The girl wore a Parisian gown. She was the leader of fashion in Pottstown. But even that thought did not seem to give her mother satisfaction as she lay there with death coming nearer, nearer. Did she see in her child's face the dumb accusation of a lost life—a soul tainted and ruined?

As the day crept into night she lay silent and motionless, summing up her life's triumph, it may be, to comfort herself withal.

"Mother," Nelly said once, "would you like me to send for a minister? Or—shall I read a Psalm to you?"

Mrs. Loper knitted her brows trying to think distinctly. Nelly talked of such unfamiliar things—she scarcely was acquainted with the minister, and as for the Psalms, she used to read them long ago, long ago.

"I can't attend to that sort of thing just now, dear. When I get well—Nelly, what is going on to-night? The carriages—and I hear a band—"

"Mrs. Smalley has a reception, mother. Everybody is going."

"And they know—they know that I am—dying!"

She put her hand over her eyes to shut out the life which had become so paltry and base.

Some one said to Mrs. Smalley that night: "Your friend, Mrs. Loper, has just died, I hear."

"Ah, indeed! I'm very sorry! We were scarcely friends, however. Merely acquaintances. A clever woman though a good deal of a snob. Do take Miss Price out for this waltz, to oblige me."

Mrs. Smalley stood smiling as she watched the waltzers; the music rang out gay and sweet. Mrs. Loper lay dead. Her ambition was gratified. She was one of the fashionable set in Pottstown.—Congregationalist.

Here is an anecdote related by an Irish comedian of an experience he once had in the Isle of Wight. The place was Ventnor, and the prospects of a good "house" were dark. It occurred to the Hibernian artist to inquire if there was an Irish quarter in the town; so he said to his host, a hotel keeper: "Have you many Irish here?" "No," was the ingenuous reply, "we are remarkably free from them!"

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CHARLIE'S MISTAKE.

Or, How a Pair of Trowsers Spoiled a Match.

Ethel McFinnigan was the only daughter of the house and heart of Michael McFinnigan, of Gowanus.

Ethel was not the "belle of Gowanus," not much, she was neither young nor pretty; in fact, to tell the honest, South Brooklyn truth, she was thirty-three in the shade, and as homely as a Chinese idol.

But Ethel had a beau.

Charles Fauntleroy McSniffican was his full name.

By this it is not intended that the gentle reader shall think that Charles had a different name when he was sober. It was simply his complete name, but Ethel always called him "Charlie."

I was a much handier name.

For years Charlie had braved the dangerous attacks of Mr. McFinnigan's pet Billy goat in making his semi-weekly calls on Ethel, and she had tried in every way known to the fair Gowanusians to make him propose.

But Charlie was "cagey."

Charlie was smart; he was waiting to see how much money Ethel's well-to-do father would be willing to put up to have his home relieved of the presence of his Celestial-featured little girl.

One night he came to an understanding with the old man. He was to marry Ethel and receive 7,000 "cold juicy bones."

At least, that is the way Charlie put it. They have a way of talking in Gowanus which is not very intelligible in Clinton avenue, so for the benefit of the uninitiated I will explain that he was to receive $7,000. Ethel's father, to whom she usually alluded as "der old man," or "his royal jaglets," could afford to give this apparently very large dowry for a Gowanus bride, with his little Ethel, as he had made piles of "dust" as a street sweeping contractor, although to look at him one would not think he was worth a cent.

He was a very plain-looking man, in fact, he was so badly-affected that way that a saw-mill proprietor in Gowanus had offered him a position to take the rough surfaces from planks with his face, but he declined to accept the job. He said he couldn't be plainer.

To resume our story: The next evening after Charlie had made the financial deal with her father he called on the girl of his "choice," arrayed in a cutaway coat and vest and the very loudest pair of his extensive wardrobe of four pairs of trousers.

He sat beside Ethel on the sofa and said suddenly: "Ethel, the time has come for me to speak; will you be my wife?"

Ethel answered never a word, but sat serenely smiling.

Charlie was enraged. "She smiles at my suit," he groaned.

He rushed to the hatrack, grabbed his belongings and fled from the house, while Ethel sat on the sofa in mute amazement, wondering what it all meant.

* * * * *

P. S.—It was the fault of the trousers; they were so "noisy" that Ethel had not heard one single word Charlie had said.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MOTHERS' EXPERIENCE.

Value of Respites from the Strain of Daily Occupations.

Two mothers, each with a young baby and no nurse, were discussing how they managed it. "I should be worn out," said one, "I'm sure, except for my rests. I make it a point as soon as my baby is sound asleep for his morning nap to drop everything and lie down myself." "Oh," said the other, "while my baby takes his day nap is the only chance I have to gather up the loose ends about the house."

In these two phases of management lies a wide and deep philosophy. Ten years from now it will be safe to predict that that second mother will have lines in her face and wrinkles on her brow that have no business to be there; and equally that mother No. 1 will be fresh and blooming.

Women are beginning to understand that it is the continuous unrelieved strain that tells; it is doubtful if many of them, particularly the busy workers, fully appreciate that it lies within their own reach to modify this condition. "I never stand when I can sit, and I never sit when I can lie down," says a woman who has discovered the value of brief respites, and her sisters, if they try, may similarly find innumerable opportunities, now overlooked, to ease the strain of their daily occupations if ever so briefly. Most women stand before their dressing bureaus to do their hair—an unnecessary waste of strength. Even if the daily coiffure is a very simple one—taking a brief time to accomplish—those few moments will amount in the end to a goodly sum of rest.—N. Y. Times.

How to Clean Chamois Gloves.

Cheap chamois gloves, that are so fashionable for street or business use, when soiled may be made to look like new in the following way: Wash them in tepid soft water, using plenty of white castile soap; pull them out straight and pass through a wringer. Rinse them in water of the same temperature, straightening them and passing through the wringer again. Shake them out well, and hang to dry in a cool, shady place.—Detroit Free Press.

Ably Seconded.

There was only one piece of pie left on the plate, and Willie's mother pressed the visitor to take it. He declined, but she insisted. Willie had had no pie, and this was more than he could stand. In a voice of bitter sarcasm he howled out:

"Keep on worryin' him, maw! Keep on worryin' him! He'll take it after awhile!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Doctor Habit.

"And ladies and gentlemen," roared the temperance lecturer, "what has filled more graves than whisky."

"Doctors," squealed a still, small voice in the back part of the hall.—Detroit Free Press.

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ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—Mince pies are now in season.

—Flower has gone up in New York.

—One week of November gone already.

—And the extra sessionists are still at it.

—Thursday was certainly a disagreeable day.

—Is the snow all down for this time, do you think?

—The new electric light works building is going up rapidly.

—There was a Russell among the Bay State voters on Tuesday.

—It is said that apples are selling at four cents per bushel at Howard.

—The flowers were taken up out of the beds surrounding the depot on Friday.

—The Centre Club gave a dance on Friday evening in the large hall in Bush's Arcade.

—The election return Judges met on Thursday and counted the votes of Centre county.

—The Italian orchestra furnished the music for the Centre Club's dance on Friday evening.

—There was quite a bad freight wreck on the Bald Eagle above Unionville on Thursday night.

—The whole thing in a nut shell—the people are not satisfied with the Pattison administration.

—There was very little business done on Wednesday, everybody prefering to talk election returns.

—Democrats were very scarce in Bellefonte on Wednesday, most of them having gone on an excursion to the headwaters of salt river.

—A Howard correspondent says 'Squire Rankin, of Karthaus, did not commit forgeries, nor skip for parts unknown. Time will tell.

—Governor Campbell, of Ohio, now thinks the war of ballots on Tuesday was Chilier than even the one threatened between the twin Americas.

—And now the democrats say if Tuesday had only been a wet day they would have polled thousands more votes. They must have a lot of wet weather men in their party.

—The ladies of the Methodist church will hold their next regular social on Thursday evening, November 12th, at the home of Mrs. Morris Cowdrick, on East Linn street. Everybody is invited to attend.

—The fourth annual convention of the State Young Women's Christian Association is having a very interesting session in Altoona just now. The attendance is quite large and the meetings very interesting.

—Work has been commenced on the Centre county bank building. A new roof, somewhat remodeled and modernized, will be put on and the exterior wood work covered with a coat of fresh paint of some becoming color.

—Mr. A. S. Grow seems to be very popular in Clinton county. We are very glad to know that he was elected Register and Recorder of that county as Alvin is a deserving gentleman and there is not the least doubt but that he will make a good official.

—One of the most delightful concerts it has been our good fortune to listen to for some time was rendered last evening in the Garman House office by the Italian orchestra, composed of a harp and two violins. The music was sweet and the playing proficient.

—Word comes from Osceola in the effect that on Sunday a Hungarian brutally assaulted a young lady near that town. He knocked her senseless twice. Warrants have been issued for the fiend's arrest and, if caught, he should be strung up to the nearest tree.

—The latest fraud in government bills consists in splitting $5 bills and $1 bills and then pasting the split halves of the ones and fives together. When one of these bills is laid down with the five side up, it goes every time, when the trick has not been exposed. Look at both sides of your fives and tens also.

—One of the largest and finest specimens of owls that one generally sees was captured by a resident of Marsh Creek and brought to Bellefonte on Friday. It is almost as large as a turkey gobbler and its breadth of wings measure eight feet from tip to tip. It was purchased by Charles Rusk, of Unionville, who intends sending it to John S. Erb, at Philipsburg.

—Some of our very fly young girls might profit by reading the following, being the experience of a young girl in the eastern part of the State. She met a drummer on a Saturday, mashed him on Sunday, married him the next Tuesday and was a deserted grass widow the next day. The drummer is still looking about for a few more foolish girls like this one who wish to get married.

—When Mr. Isaac Haupt was showing samples of his apples in the depot at Osceola a gentleman from New York State said he would give five cents apiece for such apples as he could sell them in New York city three for 25 cents. He also offered one dollar per bushel for such fruit but was informed that he could have all he wanted for fifty cents. It is needless to say that a bargain was struck and the man took a goodly quantity.

PUT 35 SHOT IN HIM.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY IN COLLEGE TOWNSHIP ON HALLOW E'EN.

Word has just been received of a rather serious shooting affray on Hallow E'en at Centre furnace in College township, by which a youth of 16 years of age was peppered with thirty-five shot and the results may prove fatal. The particulars are about as follows:

On Hallow E'en a number of students and young men from State College started down the pike toward Lemont to have a little fun according to their ideas of how the old time custom should be continued. Among the crowd was a son of Mr. Simon Kline, of the College, a lad about 16 years of age. When they got to the toll gate near Centre Furnace the boys were making quite a racket although they were doing nothing harmless. An old man, by name of Cable, lived there and, being a cross and surly dispositioned fellow, could not stand the racket; so to punish the boys for what he considered their depredations he got his gun and fired into the crowd with the result of hitting young Kline on the left shoulder, breast and face. The entire charge was put into the youth. Of course this put an end to the fun for that night; the young man was taken home and Dr. Glenn summoned. The doctor got out five shot but there still remains thirty which he was unable to find. At this writing the young man is able to be up and around and it is likely will recover, providing blood poisoning does not set in.

As to Cable, the next morning he plead as an excuse for his act that he did it in self defense, and on these grounds he tried to get bail for his appearance at court, when he found he was to be arrested, failing in which he suddenly disappeared and when the constable went to his house with a warrant for his arrest the bird had flown, and since that his whereabouts has not been discovered. He should be hunted down and made to suffer for his rash act.

LONGEVITY GF ANIMALS.

Camels live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few insolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about 300 years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived 130 years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of 400 years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and existed until 1753, when he perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to have lived one hundred years.

The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live 200 years; common trout, fifty; and the pike, ninety, while Gesner—a Swiss naturalist— relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish 257 years before. Insects are very short-lived, usually completing the term of their existence in a few weeks or months. Some even die upon the very day of entering on their new life. As a general rule, not to be applied too closely, larger types of animals live longer than smaller.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Love your friends.

Moderate your curiosity.

Cowards never build trophies.

Seek nothing beyond your sphere.

He is not dead whose fame survives.

Pride usually accompanies promotion.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.

To flourish is one thing, to fight is another.

Good debts become bad, if you call them not in.

The society of good people is always good society.

So long as you prosper you will have many friends.

Drunkenness destroys beauty and shortens life.

Let not your own, but the public wishes, actuate you.

All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.

Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky.

The last pleasure in life is the sense of discharging our duty.

The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.

AGED 63.

Ferguson township's patriarch, Mr. Samuel *Hess*, will close his 93rd year, April 11th next. The venerable gentleman is still in good health and cuts all the wood used in the house, and also buried the apples of this fall's crop, from his orchard. Up to within a year he always accompanied a deer hunting party to the mountains, being extremely fond of that kind of sport, and he brought down many of the fleetfooted denizens of the forest with his unerring rifle in his day. Some 30 years ago he was one of the commissioners of Centre county, and filled the office with fidelity. He never missed an election and last Tuesday was at the polls and voted the Democratic ticket, as usual, and hopes to live to vote for a Democratic president in 1892. He has also been attentive to his religious duties, and a regular attendant at church on the Sabbath. He comes down from the old stock of men whose word was as good as their bond. He has a sister living, Mrs. Wm. Harter, of Aaronsburg, now 77 years of age, and the mother of Mrs. Kurtz, wife of the editor of the REPORTER.—*Centre Reporter.*

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE STORY.

A well-known Chicago physician returned from a little visit to relatives in the interior of the state recently. He had been carried beyond his destination once before, so when he boarded the car in the evening he called the porter to him as soon as that dignitary's attention could be attracted, and held the following conversation with him:—

"John, here's a dollar for you."

"Yes, sah."

"And I'm going to get off at Rockford to night," continued the doctor.

"Yes, sah," said John.

"That means I don't want to be carried through to Dubuque."

"Yes, sah."

"So if you can't wake me up in time to dress, I want you to see that you get me off anyway, no matter what happens."

"Yes, sah," and they parted.

In due season the medical man went to his berth with a feeling of blessed security About daybreak he was awakened by hearing a feminine voice from the section just across say:—

"Porter, are we in Dubuque yet?"

"No'm, we ain't dah yit," he answered, huskily, "but we'll be dah in half 'an hour."

Thoroughly aroused and very angry the Chicago man threw the curtains apart and saw the porter grinning feebly, with his collar torn, his nose slit down the middle, and evident contusion about each of his eyes.

"*Here*, you black rascal!" shouted the aggrieved traveller, "didn't I tell you to get me off at Rockford?"

"Lord bless mah soul, mistah," said the sable brother, jumping, "is you de man dat was going to get off at Rockford?" Then adding, reflectively, as he felt of a torn ear "I wonder who de man was dat I put off at Rockford?"—[Chicago Herald.

DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

A young lady in town sent us a note the other day requesting an answer to the question: "When a young man is courting a girl, how late is it proper for him to stay at night?" It is pretty hard to frame a reply to suit a particular case, as it depends on a number of contingencies, as, for instance, the condition of the fire in the parlor stove, amount of oil in the lamp, and last, but not least, the size of the old gentleman's boot. We know of a case not far from this town, where the young man went to sleep in a chair, the girl slipped off to bed, and the young fellow slept until away after daylight. But this is an extraordinary case. We should not undertake to make a schedule, but you had better run on standard time, keep the track clear plenty of sand in the box and water in the boiler, and get there if you have to run the driving wheels off the engine.

The number of deaths of men of world-wide distinction which has occurred during the year now drawing to a close is remarkable. A partial list shows these:—Alexander Kinglake, William Windom, George Bancroft, Kalakaua, Meissonier, Bradlaugh, Admiral Porter, General Sherman, George Hearst, Prince Bonaparte, Lawrence Barrett, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, P. T. Barnum, Von Moltke, Madame Blavatsky, Sir John Macdonald, Hannibal Hamlin, James Russell Lowell, George Jones, Dr. Loring, Balmaceda, Boulanger, William Henry Smith, Parnell and Parton. Art, literature, statesmanship, military fame and monumental charlatanry find representation here; and it may be said that these names stand for a great advance of the world in civilization.—[Commonwealth.]

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

There are two sharps said to be "working" some of our neighboring counties by watching the papers for estray notices. Then one of them goes to the person who has taken up the animal, and after seeing it, says it is not his, and goes away. After a short time his partner puts in his appearance, describes the animal and offers to sell it to the person who has it in charge for the reason that it is so far away from home that it will be troublesome and expensive to get it back. When a stranger calls to see an animal which you have taken up, make him describe it before seeing it, and prove himself a responsible person before buying it from him.

GREGG'S MAJORITY 58,899.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov 5.—Complete figures from every county in the state shows a plurality of 58,899 for Gregg for auditor general, and 53,764 plurality for Morrison for state treasurer. While Morrison's plurality is over 5,000 less than that of Gregg, he carried every county that gave a majority to the head of the ticket, with the exception of Erie county, the home of Tilden, his democratic opponent. Erie gave Gregg 902 plurality and Tilden 101 plurality. In Allegheny county, Morrison's home, his plurality was 172 greater than that of Gregg.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

SLIPPERY RAILS.

THEY CAUSED A FATAL ACCIDENT NEAR READING YESTERDAY.

READING, Pa., November 5.—While a train of two cars was coming down the Mount Penn Gravel railroad, late this afternoon, the rails were so slippery at a steep grade, owing to the rain, that the cars could not be held and when coming around a curve they jumped the track, dashed into an embankment and were badly broken. The list of casualities follows:

Irwin Houck, conductor, killed.

Anthony Kelly, brakeman, injured about head, legs and feet, and expected to die.

Mary Breck, of Philadelphia, badly injured about head.

Thomas M. Gentner, cut about head and legs injured.

Frank Klemmer, of Philadelphia, badly injured about head.

The wheels were locked by the brakes but the rails were so slippery that the cars slid along them.

George Johnson, the only remaining passenger, jumped while the train was going 25 miles an hour and escaped injury.

SUMMER NOON.

Deep in the cooler shadows of the wood,
Where the shy thrush thrills soft his ode to love,
And winged elves hum through the solitude
The sleepy idyls of the sacred grove;

There, on the mossy sward do thou recline
And note how Summer from her liberal store
Arrays her beauty, artisan divine,
Each charm more gracious than the one before.

The rabbit cuddles 'neath the dock's ribbed leaves,
Above the bough the sleeping squirrel lies;
The quail is silent 'midst the golden sheaves,
The vagrant zephyr in the forest dies.

The nodding flowers that droop with noontide heat,
And blush with all of morning's rosy hues,
Unstop their vials, brimmed with every sweet
Distilled by dusky Night from all her dews

It is the month for dreaming drowsiness;
Among the shadows of the broad-leaved linn
Bides Mother Sleep, whose hand the toilers bless
Who glean the fields, while soft, she laps them in.

The aspen with its thousand twinkling leaves
The wizard-elm, the acorn jewelled oak,
The pend'lous willow where the auriole weaves,
The poplar sacred from the thunder-stroke.

Their offerings bring, and on the altar lay.
There Nature's priest, bared head, his feet unshod,
Reads the sweet oracles that points the way
Up Nature's paths of life, to Nature's God.

Vick's Magazine.

ONE POUND
PEOPLES
AND
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*

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To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

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ATLAS ENGINE WORKS,
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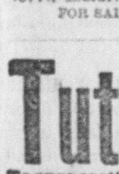

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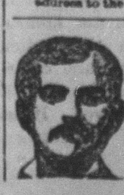
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and cards sent FREE to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



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or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

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Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use

Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is

The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

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GRANDEST MODERN DISCOVER

Triumph of Pharmacy

The only true practical

ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c., produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.

Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulus without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers in the world.

A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,

far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called

LIQUID LIFE,

since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*

It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist*, as no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known

CALIFORNIA,

if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present

PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.

Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this

PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD

In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.

THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.

THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

REMEMBER,

There is *no disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which

VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,

and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of

THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA

in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an

UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.

A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority *of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
		WESTWARD		
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	8.5	4 56	9 34	4 36
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 37	4 40
Howard	14.3	5 07	9 48	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 56	4 56
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 12	5 19
BELLEFONTE	24.1	5 35	10 25	5 29
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	30
Snow Shoe Int	24.7	5 48	10 38	5 33
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.3	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 15	11 09	6 00
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 25	6 13
Fowler—f	46.0	6 33	11 32	6 18
Bald Eagle	49.5	6 40	11 38	6 24
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.8	6 55	11 55	6 40
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
		EASTWARD		
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.8	8 17	3 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 33
Dix—f	6.9	8 30	3 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.5	8 37	3 37	7 42
Hannah—f	10.6	8 56	3 37	7 46
Port Matilda	13.9	8 48	3 44	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 05
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 15
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.8	9 18	4 18	8 35
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 39
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 01
Curtin	34.4	10 01	4 47	9
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 08	4 55	9
Howard	39.8	10 16	5 02	
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 26	5 10	
Beech Creek	45.6	10 28	5 16	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 39	5 24	9 51
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
5 05	1 51		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.0	8 44	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loverville f	12.1	8 37	3 54
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 48
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 44
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 36
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Flower	2.1	7 59	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24, 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

R S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	p.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.39	2.29	6.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.29	2.19	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		2.15	5.35
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		2.00	5.20
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		1.55	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		1.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		1.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Sweigle f		1.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		1.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		1.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Farner f		1.06	4.35
28.2	7.28	3.33	Cherry Run f		1.58	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.45	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		1.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		1.39	4.07
35.6	7.55	4.00	Coburn		1.30	4.00
39.5	8.11	4.05	Zerby f		1.21	3.52
43.4	8.19	4.17	Rising Springs		1.12	3.48
46.2	8.13	4.25	Penn'sCave f		1.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		0.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		0.51	3.22
54.6	8.27	4.43	Linden Hall		0.45	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.45	OAK HALL		0.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		0.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		0.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		0.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axemann f		0.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		0.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD No.6	No.2	P.M.	STATIONS	WESTWARD Mls.	No.3	No.5
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 29	9 10	18	Ar. BELLEFONTE, Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 15	9 04	17.	Scales	1.	6 37	3 09
6 08	8 59	16	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 05	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 19
5 59	8 51		Linn		6 1	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.3	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 44	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stevenstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	5 46	4 09
5 24	7 58	2.	Krumrine	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 29	0.	LvSTATECOLLEGEAr	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V E R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1890.

		WESTWARD	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia daily	11 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 30	a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 32	a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 47	a m
"	" Renovo "	8 50	a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40	p m
NIAGRA EXP.	leaves Phila week days	8 50	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	12 15	p m
"	arrives at Williamsport "	3 05	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 15	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Philada. week days	11 40	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45	p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	02	p m
"	" Renovo "	00	p m
NEWS EXP.	leaves Philadelphia		5a m
"	" Harrisburg		10 a m
"	" Williamsport	1 10	a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	12 10	p m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	4	50 m
"	" Harrisburg	7	0 m
"	arrive Williamsport	11	p m
	EASTWARD		
Sea Shore Exp.	leaves Jersey Shore		a m
"	" Williamsport		15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11	p m
"	" Philadelphia		35 p m
DAY EXP.	leaves Kane week days	7	15 a m
"	" Renovo	10	55 a m
"	" Lock Haven	11	50 a m
"	" Williamsport	12	50 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	4	00 p m
"	" Philadelphia	7	50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3	25 p m
"	" Renovo	10	35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	11	30 p m
"	" Williamsport	12	55 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3	5 a m
"	" Philadelphia	7	50 a m
RENOVO ACM	leaves Renovo week d	4	30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	8	45 p m
"	" Philadelphia	4	25 a m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves Williamsport	2	42 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	5	30 a m
"	"	7	00 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10	10 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L S & M S R'y at Corry with B P & W N Y; at Emporium with A. & N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A V R R.

ROBERT PRIDHAM, General Agt.

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—Court week.

—Warmer weather.

—Screen doors and fly paper have gone into winter quarters.

—My, oh my; but wasn't that an old scorcher of a rain last night?

—The Lock Haven *Democrat* is still harping on the result of the late election.

—The funeral of Mrs. Ruth Armour will take place on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—There is talk about organizing a new society in Bellefonte in the near future.

—The next session of criminal court in Centre county will be a quite interesting one.

—A man was hurt at the curb market this morning by being thrown out of his wagon.

—We heard a gentleman say on Tuesday evening that the golden crows were meeting.

—We are sorry to record the fact of Commissioners' clerk Robert Hunter's continued illness.

—An effort is to again be made to revive the Bellefonte band. Hope it may be more successful than the last one.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnston, of Altoona, came to Bellefonte on Saturday evening and spent Sunday with their friends in this place.

—James Kerr has had enough of being State Chairman of the democratic party. He says he is willing to share the glory with some other person.

—Now that the election is over business men can settle down to business and leave the discussion of the private characters of public men to the corner loafer.

—The special term of court only lasted two days. The jury was discharged the first thing on the convening of court Tuesday morning without having passed on one cause.

—S. L. Seymour, the division freight agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, spent Saturday in company with Supt. S. S. Blair making a tour over the Bald Eagle valley road.

—It is said that one day last week two deer were seen on Muncy mountain just north of Fillmore. The story had enough foundation to induce Bellefonte sportsmen to take a trip in that direction.

—The horse attached to the delivery wagon of Lyon, the butcher, ran away this morning and Frank Evans, the driver, was thrown out against a telephone pole, receiving a severe fracture of the leg and other injuries.

—Governor Pattison, having heard the rattle of dry bones, has concluded that there is too great a responsibility connected with being President of the United States and that the being Governor of Pennsylvania is big enough for him.

—Neither democrats nor Repnblicans had any reason to growl over the result of the late election in Centre county, as the party papers of either persuasion supplied their readers with an abundance of fine roosters for their Sunday feast.

—Counterfeit silver dollars, composed mostly of glass, have been found at the sub treasury in Philadelphia. They were all taken and passed in by national banks. The counterfeit is certainly one of the most successful ever accomplished.

—The special term of court convened on Monday morning with Hon. John C. Stewart, the presiding judge. The one case that consumed all the time on Monday was that of Yerger vs. The Catholic Church. The case has not yet reached an end.

—We are glad to know that Mr. Lee Woodcock is in his usual health and at school, instead of being sick and under a physician's care, as has been reported around town. Lee did have a slight attack of something like inflammatory rheumatism, but he is as well as ever now.

—The remains of a Miss Jamison, of Spring Mills, arrived on the 9.32 train this morning from Philadelphia where the young lady died in the hospital Monday night. The remains were conveyed by hearse from this place to Spring Mills where the funeral will occur this afternoon.

—Adam Mayer, Sr., aged 80 years, and one of Philipsburg's most respected citizens, died on last Thursday afternoon. He was born in Geiselberg, Rheinbaiern, Germany, i 1811, and came to the United States in 1835. He is survived by eight children, forty grand-children and twenty-eight great grand children. He was buried on Sunday, interment being made at Kylertown.

—The State College boys were not exactly in it in the game of foot ball with the Bucknell University on Saturday. The score stood at the close of the game 12 to 10 in favor of Bucknell. This gives that team the championship of the interstate league. The game was a good one and was watched by many hundred spectators. Quite a number of people from Bellefonte were present.

MAJORITIES INCREASING.

GREGG AND MORRISON CONTINUE TO SWELL THE FIGURES.

PHILADELPHIA, November 4.—Complete returns from fifty-one of the sixty-seven counties in the state and careful estimates for the other sixteen counties, show a plurality of 55,085 for Gregg, republican, for auditor general, and 52,188 for Morrison republican, for state treasurer. The proposition for the constitutional convention is overwhelmingly rejected. Only ten counties in the state give majorities in favor of the convention and in forty-two counties from which complete figures have been received on the vote on that question, there is a net majority of 154,590 against holding the convention. The counties giving majorities for the convention are: Bradford, Carbon, Elk, Fayette, Columbia, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Pike, Warren and Wayne.

Complete returns from fifty-three of the sixty-seven counties in the state, including Philadelphia and Allegheny, and careful estimates for the other fourteen, show a plurality of 56,708 for Gregg, republican, for auditor general, and 53,888 for Morrison, republican, for state treasurer.

Later returns make Gregg's plurality 57,434 and Morrison's 54,888.

McKINLEY MAY HAVE 20,000.

CINCINNATI, November 4.—Official returns from twenty-seven counties and the other estimates give McKinley a plurality of 18,588.

CANTON, O., November 4.—An enthusiastic crowd of 300 citizens literally carried Governor-elect McKinley from his hotel to a public hall in Canton at 2 o'clock this morning. The mayor was lifted to the stage, where he said: "If the later returns confirm the news we now receive we will have a right to meet again and rejoice over the glorious victory now being recorded, but we must remember that as yet we have heard from about one-half of the state. It is more important that the principles of the republican party should triumph than that any man should be elected governor. By morning we should know for sure that protection and sound currency are victorious. I thank you all for your many manifestations of good will, hearty support and constant effort in my behalf."

SEVENTEEN MINERS KILLED.

BUTTE CITY, November 4.—The worst mining accident of the year took place at the Anaconda mine this morning, when seventeen miners were killed on a cage coming up. Midnight, the time to shift the gangs of men, had come and a cage full of miners returning from work stepped out into the oped air. Their places were at once taken by nineteen men, who were to take up the work they had just abandoned, and the cage was started toward the depths below. The rope had been unwound but a couple of times from the slowly revolving windless, when there was a sudden snap and a cry of horror from the shaft in which the cage had but a moment disappeared. The rope had broken and the cage, with its nineteen inmates, was precipitated to the bottom of the mine.

It was some time before any assistance could be sent them. The shaft down which they had plunged was useless and other ways of getting at the place where they had fallen were roundabout. Fortunately there was some help for the dead and dying men in the mine itself. A number of miners who were through work and waiting to be relieved were at the bottom of the shaft, waiting for the cage to take them out. Amidst them, narrowly missing some, the cage dashed. It broke and before their eyes were the mangled bodies of the companions whom they were awaiting. There was little however, that could be done. Of the nineteen men who made the fearful ride seventeen were dead, their forms crushed out of all semblance of those of human beings, while for the two who were yet breathing there were no hopes for recovery. It employes 400 men and was reopened after a long closing October 23.

THE CHILIAN SITUATION.

LONDON, November 4.—The latest advices from Valparaiso state that there is no diminution of the popular animosity against Americans, and that no real effort is being made to bring any Chilians to justice for the killing of the American sailors While the American negotiations are pending, the junta has ordered the Chilian war vessels to be ready for service, and the forts defending Valparaiso harbor are being strengthened. The Baltimore maintains great vigilance, and Captain Schley is evidently on the lookout for a treacherous attack. The opinion is expressed that should the situation not culminate before the 18th inst., the new president, probably George Montt, may bring matters to a settlement. Montt is believed to be the best disposed to Americans of any of the revolutionary leaders.

The correspondent of the London Times at Valparaiso is said to be a writer who has been noted in the past for his hostility to the United States. The Times' articles continue to be the subject of unfavorable comment in London, as calculated to stir up trouble between the United States and England.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

There is no doubt but that there was a more general surprise to all persons this morning than there was on Wednesday. To go to bed on the 4th of November with the stars shining and get up on the morning of the 5th with four inches of snow on the ground is enough to almost take ones breath away. Indeed, it might have had a more serious effect only that of late we have been living in an atmosphere of surprise and sudden changes and by this time have become somewhat used to it.

NO DECISION YET.

The time for the holding of the November court continues to draw nearer and thus far the county commissioners have not yet came to an understanding with the borough officials in regard to the laying of a drain pipe down High street for the purpose of abating the nuisance at the court house. The whole thing is now hanging on four inches difference in the size of the pipe, the commissioners only wanting to put down a six inch pipe while the borough officials have put the size at ten inches. Of course, it is no busines of any individual what size of pipe is put down, but it does seem as if a ten inch would b e small enough, notwithstanding the borough engineer has declared a six inch to be large enough. But, midst all the halting and undecision, the commissioners should remember that they are under indictment for the removal or abatement of the nuisance and that, if no move has been made in that direction by November court, they will undoubtedly be called upon to stand a trial.

Marriage Licenses.

Geo. H. Goldy, of Clinton Co., and Hsttie M. VanGorden, of Mt. Eagle.

George Stone, of Boalsburg, and Annie Barnhart, Pae Mills.

James W. Neff, Morrisdale Mines, and Laura B Lucas, Snow Shoe.

William Stark and Nancy Zindel, both of Snow Shoe.

William Bartlet, Bellefonte, and Maggie Kissell, Unionville.

Hary Tuner and Mamie Wagner, both of Chester Hill.

Samuel Gingrich and Lizzie A. Houtz, both of Oak Hall.

S. F. Diehl, of Marion twp., and Jennie S. Randall, of Mt. Eagle.

J.S. Knisely and Carrie C. Wian, both of Bellefonte.

Geo. R. Hartshorn, of Gearhartville, and Annie Pilkington, of Osceola.

John Reiterbach, of Mifflinburg, and Mrs. Susan Holderman, of Linden Hall.

Charles W. Slack, of Potters Mills, and Margaret L. Boal, of Centre Hall.

COMPANY B MAY GET THERE.

Adjutant Generals and other high officials of the National militia, appointed for the purpose by the Governors of the several States met in Chicago last week to confer with Exposition officials with reference to the participation which the militia shall have in the Exposition and in the exercises dedicatory of the buildings. About one hundred were present, representing nearly every State in the Union. Action was taken which it is believed, will result in between 12,000 and 15,000 militiamen participating in the dedicatory exercises in October 1892, and in the national encampment and grand review of 100,000 troops being held in Chicago in August, 1893, while the Exposition is in progress. Resolutions were adopted advocating a national Guard embracing the militia in the several States, every ten years, at the expense of the General Government and that the first of such encampment be held at Chicago in 1893.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD.

The November number of this favorite monthly contains besides a large amount of interesting reading matter, a beatiful new song, entitled "Golden Rod" and four new piano pieces—"Will'o the Wisp" by Jungmann, "Canzonetta, No. 3" by Hollaender, "The Rose" by Lichner and "Recollections of Home" by Mueller. This music is alone worth $2.00. Upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps a copy will be mailed to and address or for 25 cents three back numbers will be sent, containing over $5.00 worth of new music. Subscription price, $1.50 per year. Elegant premiums for clubs. Send stamp for "Premiums List," and full particulars. The Musicians' Guide—212 pages of valuable musical information, choice music, etc., mailed on receipt of eight two-cent stamps. Address The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Woman Who Laughs.

For a good every day household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuit may not be always just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to place dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shinning up the dark one is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts is the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try,

FIRE AT COLEVILLE.

On Sunday night about half past one o'clock the fire alarm was sounded and residents of Bellefonte hastily jumped out of their beds to find out where the fire was. On examination it proved to be the house occupied by Mr. George Rider in Coleville. But by the time the firemen arrived at the scene of the conflagration it was too late to do anything and consequently the house was totally destroyed. Part of the furniture was saved. It has not been learned how the fire originated.

IGNTED FROM A LAMP.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN SHAFT NO. 1 OF THE SUSQUEHANNA COAL COMPANY.

Nanticoke, Pa., November 8.—An explosion of gas occurred this afternoon in No. 1 shaft of the Susquehanna coal company.

The killed are:
William J. Williams, miner.
Henry R. Jones, town clerk of Nanticoke.
Fire Boss William Jonathan.
John Arnott.
Caleb Jething.
Thomas Lloyd, a driver boy.

The critically injured are:
David Powell.
David A. Smith.
Thomas Thomas.
Henry Williams, son of William J. Williams, who was instantly killed.
Howell Joffinskey, a Polander, and two Polanders whose names could not be ascertained.

The accident was caused by the explosion of a safety lamp, the flames of which ignited the gas. The existence of this element has been known and the safety lamp, which is generally used successfully in the presence of gas, was being used by the men during their operations. The mine is not seriously damaged.

The force of the explosion had dashed to splinters several mine cars standing on the tracks and the victims had been dashed against the walls of the mine. Some were beheaded and others dismembered. It was a fearful spectacle. The explosion was caused by the attempt of one of the men to change the air current when his lamp exploded.

NO ASSISTANT ASSESSORS.

The triennial assessment will be made during next month in most of the counties in Pennsylvania, and in Centre county next spring, and according to the Act of Assembly of February 14th, 1889 the assessments will be made by the Assessors there being no provision, made for any Assistant Assessor as has been held by many throughout this county. The office of Assessor is a very important one, and especially when making the tri-ennial assessment. There is a penalty for Assessors failing to comply with the law, which reads as follows: "If any Assessor shall knowingly and intentionally omit, neglect or refuse to assess and return any property, person or thing made taxable by the law, or shall knowingly or intentionally assess, rate or value the same at any more or less than he shall know or believe the just cash value thereof, be subject to imprisonment not less than three nor more than twelve months, and fined in a sum not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred dollars."

BUSY PREPARING WAR VESSELS.

NEW YORK, November 8.—The Brooklyn navy yard yesterday presented an appearance of activity witnessed for the first time since the exciting times of the rebellion. The hum and din of busy workmen on the war vessels Miantonamah and Atlanta disturbed the Sabbath stillness as a body of 400 blue jackets marched across the yard to divine services. Workmen have been busily engaged day and night preparing the two vessels for speedy service at sea. To-day the work of preparation was continued, it being the first Sunday since the late war that such a thing occurred. There were eighty men at work on the two vessels and all expedition will be used until the vessels are ready for service at sea. The unusual bustle and activity is said not to be due to the reported sinking of the Baltimore, but it is conceded that the strained relations between this country and Chili have caused the government much anxiety to get all its war vessels ready for any contingency.

Here Is a New Receipt.

To soften the hands fill a wash basin half full of fine, white sand and soapsuds as hot as can be borne. Wash the hands in this for at least five minutes, rubbing them well into the sand. The best sand to use is the flint sand, or the white powered quartz sold for filters. It may be used repeatedly by pouring the water away after each washing, and adding fresh to keep it from blowing about. Rinse in a warm lather of fine soap, and after drying, rub them with dry bran or corn meal. Dust them and finish them well into the skin. This will effectually remove the roughness caused by housework, and should be used every day. Soap is an indispensable article for cleansing the hands, but it very often leaves the skin rough, cracks come on the hands, and soap is often unpleasant Use honey, rubbing it in while the skin is dry; moisten a little, rub harden, use a little more watea; finally wash thoroughly and your hands will be as clean as though the strongest soap were ured, and no cracks or roughness will annoy you.

AN EDITORIAL SERMOM.

Take things as they are and make the best of them. Prudence in a woman should be an instinct, not a virtue. Happiness is like the echo—it answers but does not come. Vice in the young fills us with horror—in the old disgust. Caution is often wasted, but it is a very good risk to take. The man who never makes any blunders seldom makes any good hits. The great difficulty about advice is the preponderance of quantity. When a man has the reputation of being plain spoken it is a sure sign that he never sees anything good in others. The slowest and dullest woman soon gets on to a new wrinkle, if it appears in another woman's face. Don't think that because you have exhausted all your own resources you have exhausted all in the world. There are acres to be ploughed outside your own gate. Because a man makes a loud noise by continually shooting off his mouth, don't think for an instant that is overflow of brain power. Consider the mule; he is a good example. —*Rockport, Tex., Picayune.*

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. J. R. Bumgardner, of Eagleville, was a visitor to Bellefonte on Friday.

Mr. J. A. Aikens, the enterprising dealer in musical instruments, visited Tyrone on Monday.

Ex-Judge Orvis has gone east on business connected with the special session of the Senate.

Misses Lena Beezer and Annie Cleaver returned on Tuesday evening from a visit to Karthaus.

Mrs. Laurie, wife of Rev. William Laurie, D. D., departed on Tuesday morning for Philadelphia.

Mr. John Foster, of State College, is spending a few days with his brother, Samuel, in this place.

Col. D. K. Tate went to Boston a few days ago for the purpose of visiting a married daughter resident of that city.

Mr. Will Butts, who learned the trade of Machinist in Bellefonte has gone to Altoona to put on a few finishing touches.

Mrs. J. A. Woodcock has returned to her home in this place after a month spent with friends in the eastern part of the state.

Mr. Edward P. Butts, of State College, was an arrival on the Lemont train Tuesday evening, being called home by his grandmother's death.

Col. J. Miles Kephart and wife returned to Bellefonte on Thursday evening after an absence of almost one month. Mrs. Kephart was in Pittsburg visiting friends while Miles took a trip through the south and west.

Mrs. John P. *Harris* accompained by her daughter, Doctor Edith, departed for Boston, Mass., this morning. Mrs. Harris goes as delegate to the International Temperance Convention which meets in that city this week.

Mr. D. E. Sparr, of Boalsburg, was in Bellefonte on Tuesday, and while in town called in and had his name added to the *Republican* subscription list. We are always glad to see such fellows come in, and especially when they have the wherewithal like Mr. Sparr had.

Judge John C. Stewart, of the Eastern part of the state, is presiding in Judge Furst's stead this week. Mr. Stewart will probably be remembered by many as the independent republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1881, and who was the cause of Beaver's first defeat.

Mr. Ira Fisher, of Loveville, was a visitor to Bellefonte on Wednesdny. Mr. Fisher is one of the veteran citizens of Centre county, he having already far outstretched the three score and ten years allotted to man. He was at one time Commissioner of this county and it is need less to say that a visit to Bellefonte is always frought with much pleasure.

M. E. SOCIABLE.

The regular sociable of the Methodist church, which is gotten up by the young people of the society, will be held on Thursday evening next at the residence of Mrs. Morris Cowdrick, on East Linn street. Mrs. Cowdrick's tact in making everybody feel at home would alone insure complete success, but aside from that consideration no effort has been spared in laying out a programme for the evening, to consist of tableaux, and a number of spirited dialogues, etc, which will undoubtedly furnish much entertainment. Refreshments will be served, and so far as the bill of fare has been decided upon, will consist of ice cream, cakes, candies, pumpkin pie and mush and milk. Everybody is welcome and all are cordially invited to be present.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Nov. 9 1891.

Milford Backman, John B Cameron, Mrs. Jane Conard. Alice Fetzer, Sadie C Gingher, John Hinton, William Nelson, Kate Retruny, James Williams.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER. P. M.

—We are sorry to hear that the injuries received by Miss Mary Macbride by being thrown out of a buggy a week or more ago are of a more serious nature than was at first supposed. The lady has not been out of her bed since and now there is some little danger of blood poisoning setting in.

MRS. RUTH ARMOUR DEAD

SUDDEN EXPIRES AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING.

Just before going to press word is received of the death of Mrs. Ruth Armour, the oldest lady resident of Bellefonte, being in her 93rd year. Her death occurred at 11 o'clock this morning. Mrs. Armour had been sick a number of days, but on Monday evening seemed so much better that her many friends were hopeful for her entire recovery. But, alas; it was but the flickering of the flame before the final spark went out. Fuller particulars and notice of funeral to-morrow.

BLANCHARD BUBBLES.

Captain Nicholas Mann is very much elated over the election of McKinley in Ohio and Gregg in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Harry Wilson, of Ohio is here visiting friends. Harry is one of the Buckeye state's most sociable young men.

Some of our Democratic friends are well pleased on account of the McKinley tariff bill—saving their money in buying goods.

It is a mystery of the writer to know what consolation it is to some of our young men to follow a young lady three fourths of a mile and imagine he went home with her.

Some of the young men of Eagleville must be on one of Beech Creek's standing committees, as they are always visible on Fursts' corner gazing on the fair ones as they pass by.

A citizen who came from Ohio before the Governor's election reported that the farmers would not support Major McKinley on account of the wool clause in the tariff bill. The vote of November 3rd showed where they stood, as the State went republican.

Two chinamen, Len Chung and Duckem See Here, are about starting a laundry at Christ Kune's wash place on Marsh Creek in opposition to Fou Chow. They will do their work in oriental style. If their imperial starch wont work they will stiffen their clothes with hard cider. Leim Chung is a fluent speaker and Duckem See Here is a graceful nodder, etc.

HIS NIBS.

OYSTER SUPPER.

The Iron Workers at Valentine Iron Company's works, are to have an oyster and ice cream supper next Saturday evening, November 14th. A good supper will be furnished older people for 50 cents a piece; to children for 25 cents, The money made in this enterprise will be devoted to the benefit of the Iron Workets' church, which is in need of funds. The building is in need of repair and it costs money to keep the church in successful operation—more money than the workingmen who belong to the organization are able to give. We hope that all the good people of Bellefonte will buy tickets to this supper thereby contributing their mite to the upbuilding of a good cause. This church is needed and is doing a good work and all good people should feel an interest in its success Therefore buy a ticket whether you go or not; but if you do go you will be heartily welcome and no pains will be spared to make your visit to the Iron Work's supper thoroughly enjoyable.

15,000 WORDS ON A POSTAL CARD.

Mr. Rila Kittrenge, of Belfast, Ireland, wrote on a postal-card the whole of one of the annual messages of Ex-President Cleveland, containing 15,000 words. He got it all on the card with a steel pen and ink, each letter is seen through a microscope being beautifully formed. Moreover, a border three-eights of an inch wide is placed around the card, represtening a string of beads, fifty-two in number, each three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and most of them containing the Lord's Prayer; 4,000 words are put into this border. Mr. Kittredge is seventy-seven years old, and says he could get 18,000 words on a postal-card. It took him forty-one days to write this one.

The Toledo Weekly Blade Free.

The proprietors of the TOLEDO BLADE, the best known political weekly of the United States, are making preparations to create a sensation this winter by sending a million specimen copies to as many readers in all parts of the United States, who do not now take the paper. To that end they invite everybody to send the addresses of as many people as they care to, by postal card or letter. Send one name, ten twenty, one hundred or a thousand. As many as you have time to write, only take care to send correct addresses of people that you know appreciate good reading. It will cost but a little trouble, and the thousands who receive sample copies will feel grateful. Send all the names and addresses you please to THE Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

—Plenty of strangers in town this week.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE